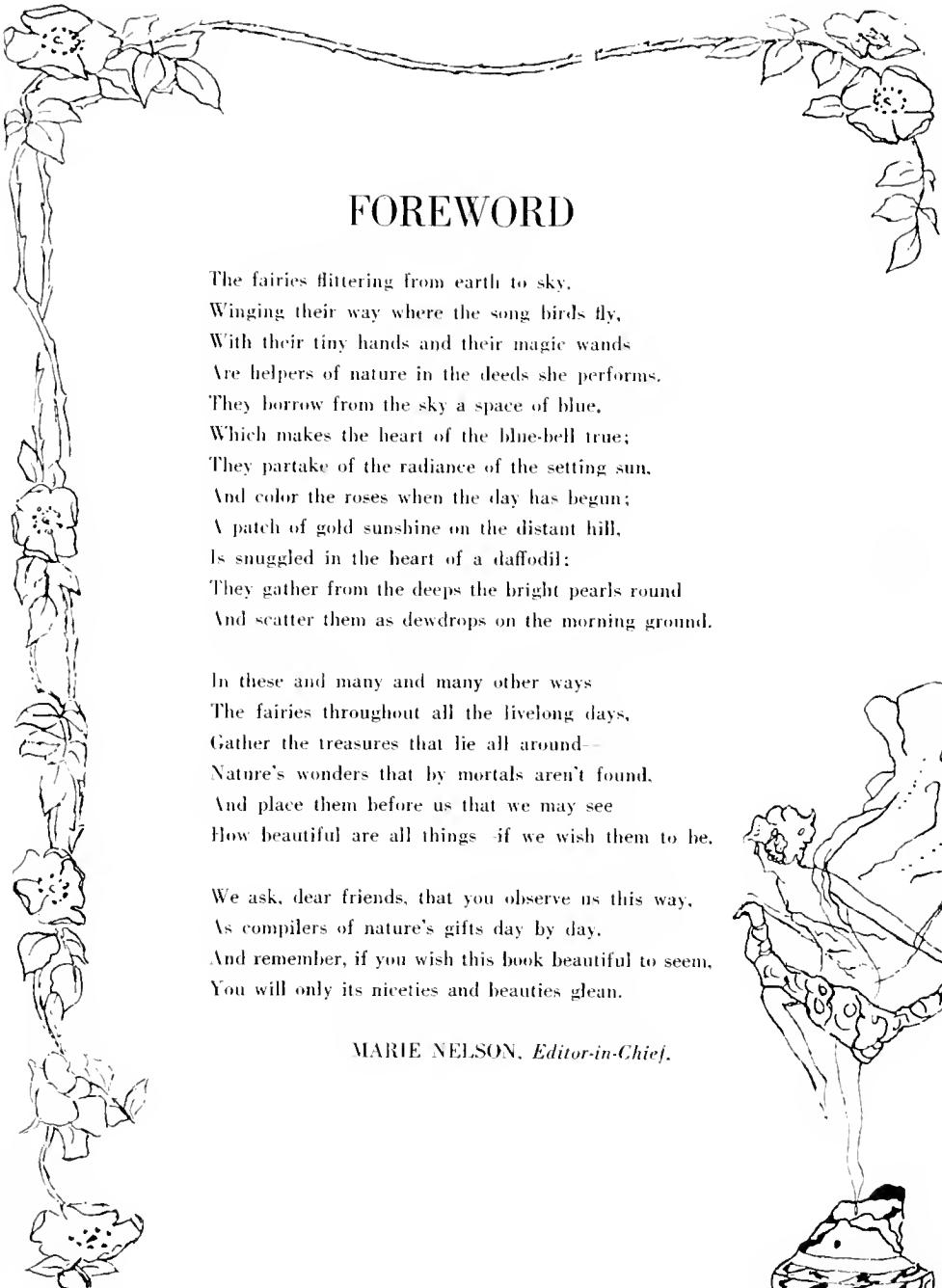


SORORIAN
1912







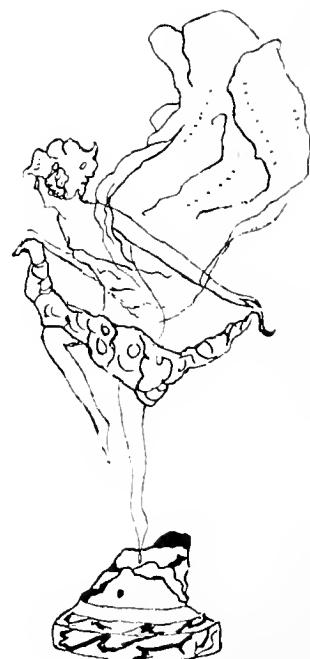
FOREWORD

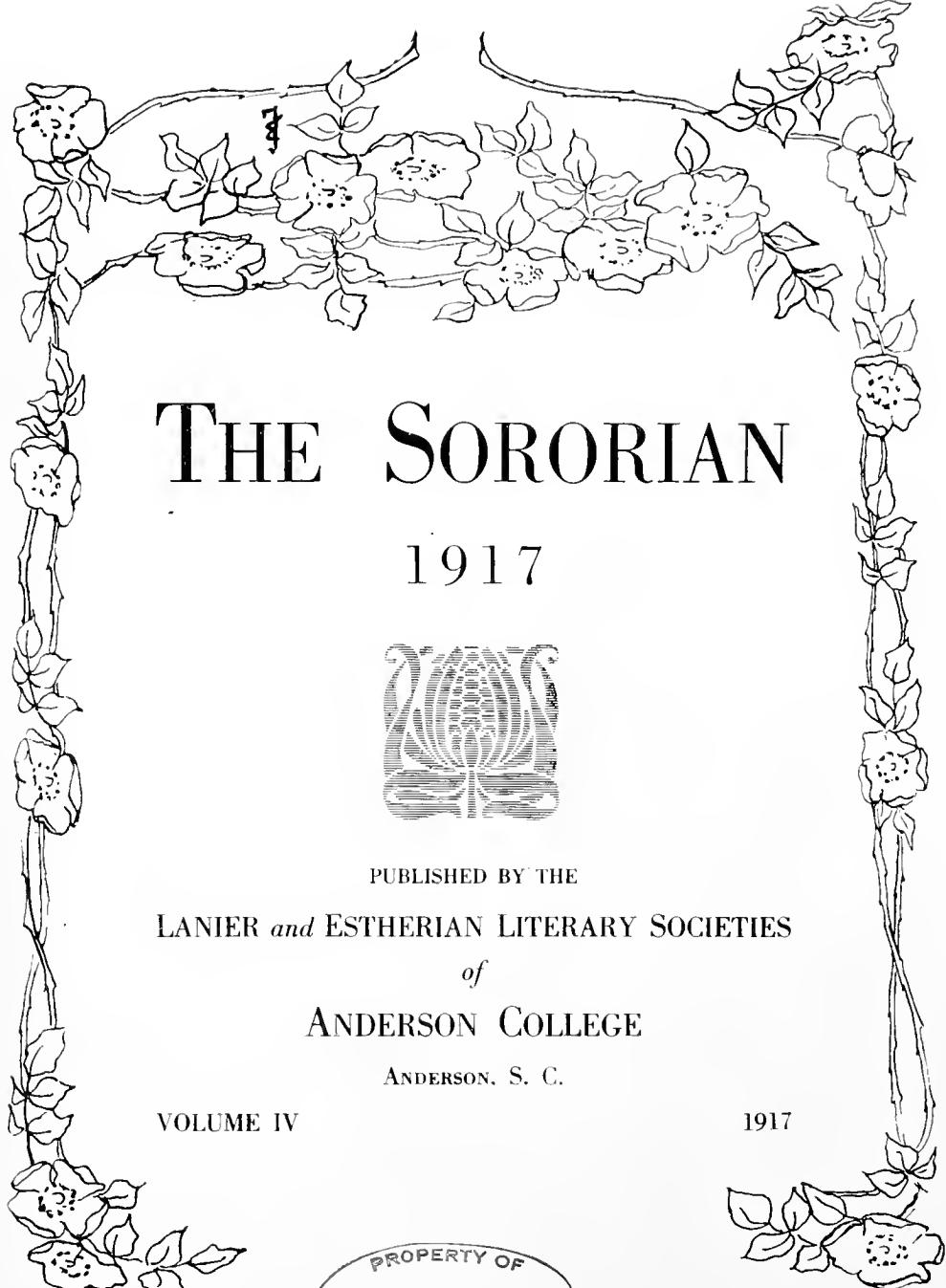
The fairies flittering from earth to sky,
Winging their way where the song birds fly,
With their tiny hands and their magic wands
Are helpers of nature in the deeds she performs.
They borrow from the sky a space of blue,
Which makes the heart of the blue-bell true;
They partake of the radiance of the setting sun,
And color the roses when the day has begun;
A patch of gold sunshine on the distant hill,
Is snuggled in the heart of a daffodil;
They gather from the deeps the bright pearls round
And scatter them as dewdrops on the morning ground.

In these and many and many other ways
The fairies throughout all the livelong days,
Gather the treasures that lie all around—
Nature's wonders that by mortals aren't found.
And place them before us that we may see
How beautiful are all things—if we wish them to be.

We ask, dear friends, that you observe us this way,
As compilers of nature's gifts day by day.
And remember, if you wish this book beautiful to seem,
You will only its niceties and beauties glean.

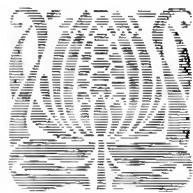
MARIE NELSON, *Editor-in-Chief.*





THE SORORIAN

1917

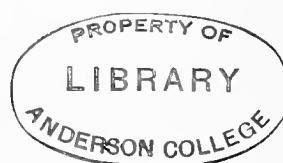


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ANDERSON COLLEGE

ANDERSON, S. C.

VOLUME IV

1917

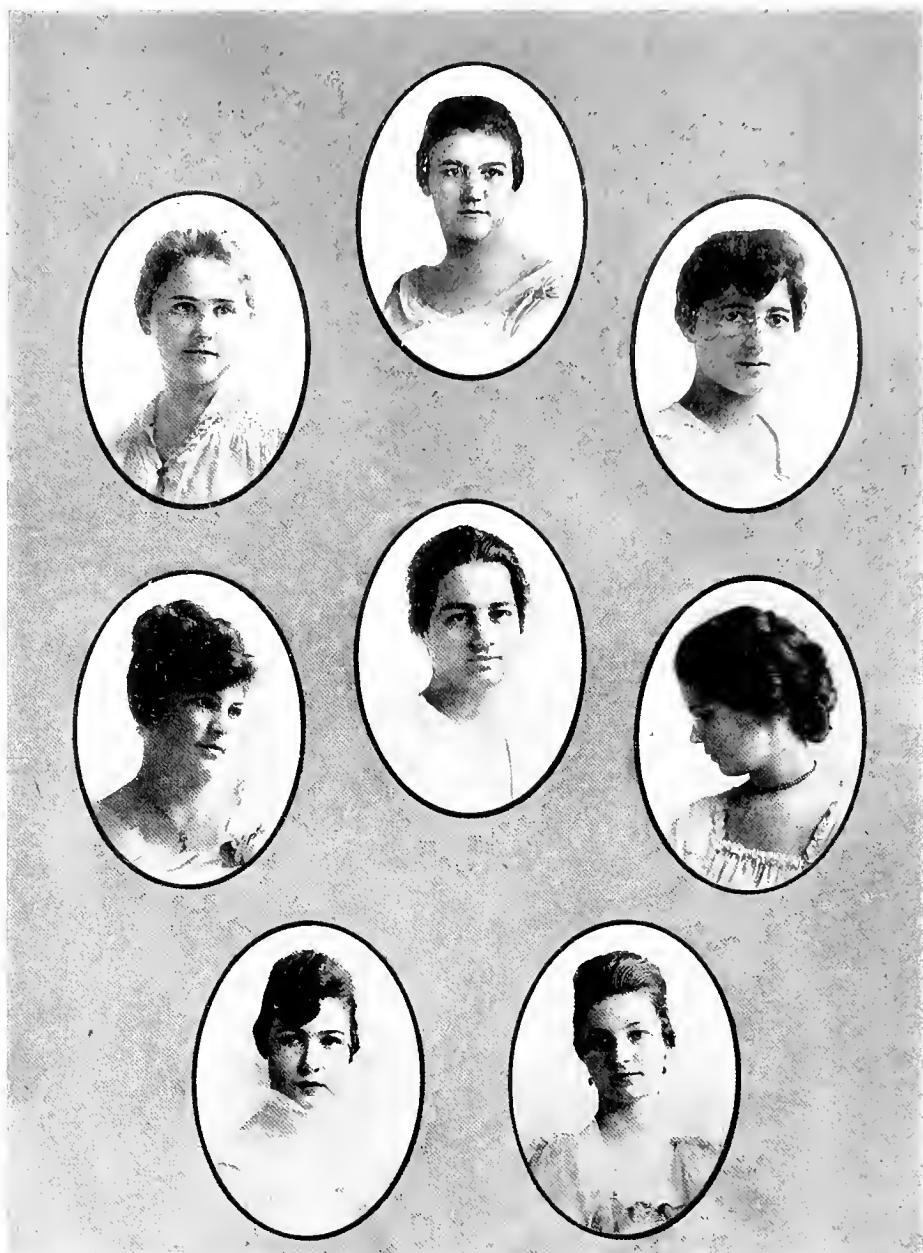




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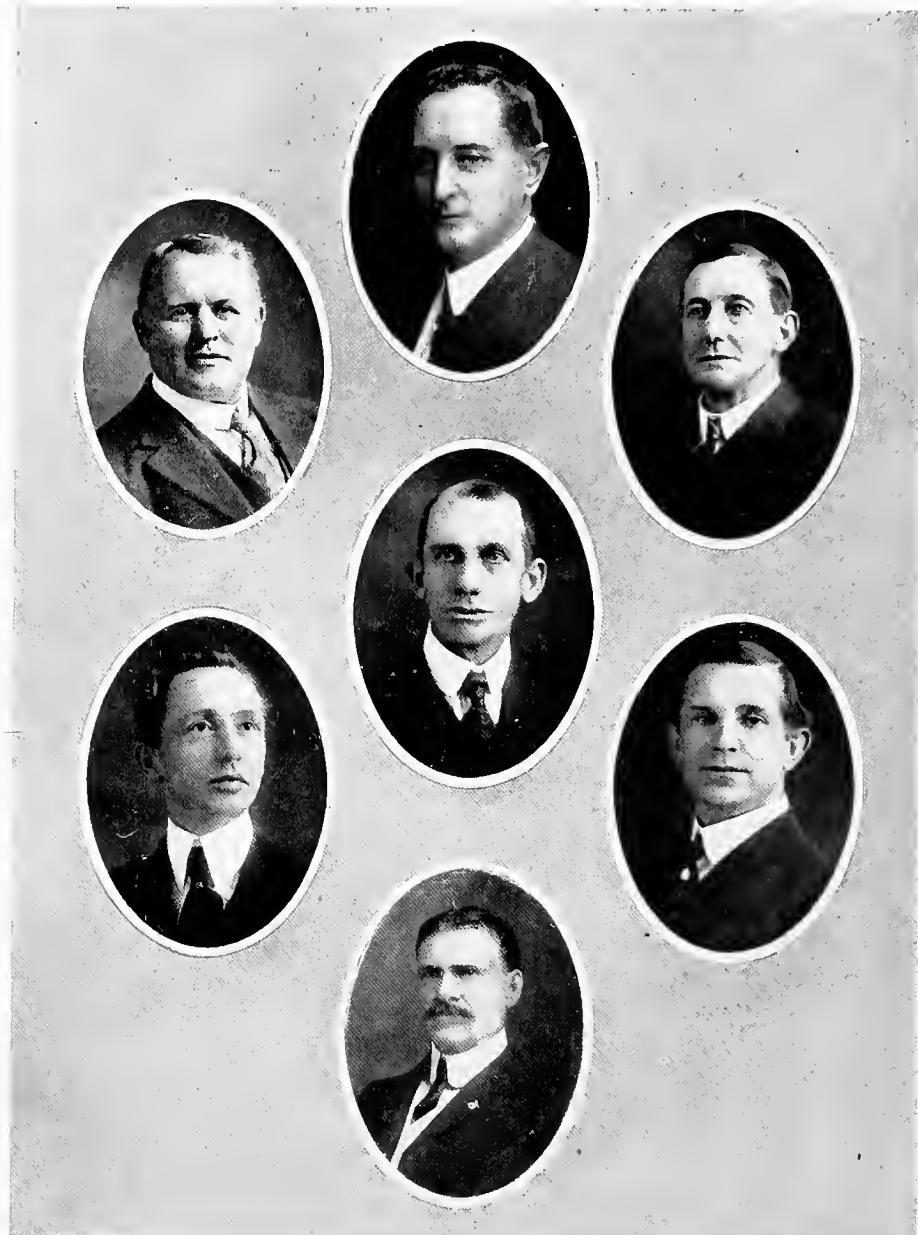


Dedication

To the Trustees of Anderson College, the great and noble men who have unceasingly striven, worked and given that this institute might flourish,
we dedicate this, the fourth volume of

The Sororian







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A

WE ONLY WANT
MEN OF EXPERIENCE

DID YOU EVER
CATCH A TRAIN?

CAN YOU
COOK?

WHAT CAN
YOU
DO?

CAN YOU
DRIVE A FORD

DID YOU EVER
LICK STAMPS?

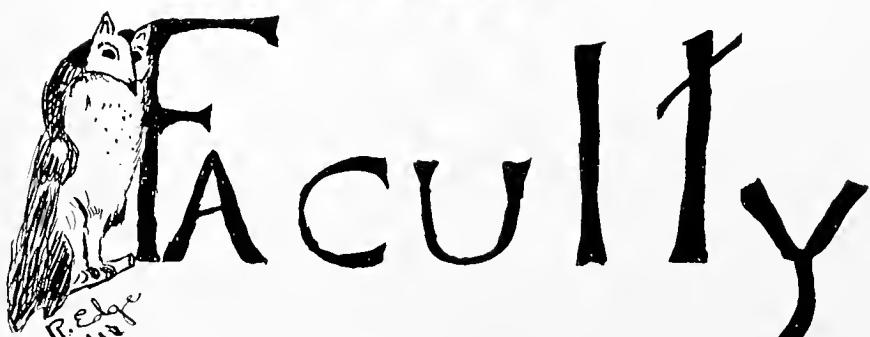
WERE YOU EVER
ON TIME?

CAN YOU OPEN AN
ENVELOPE WITHOUT
TEARING CONTENTS?

DID YOU EVER
WORK?



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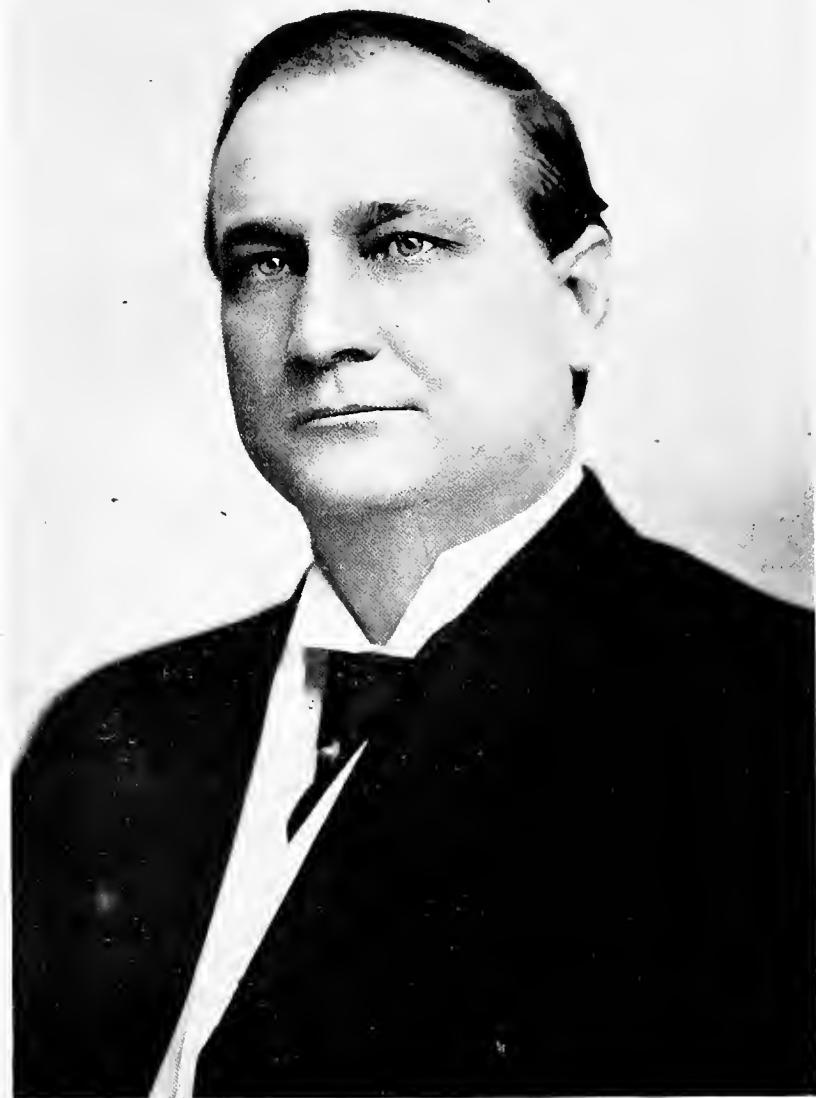
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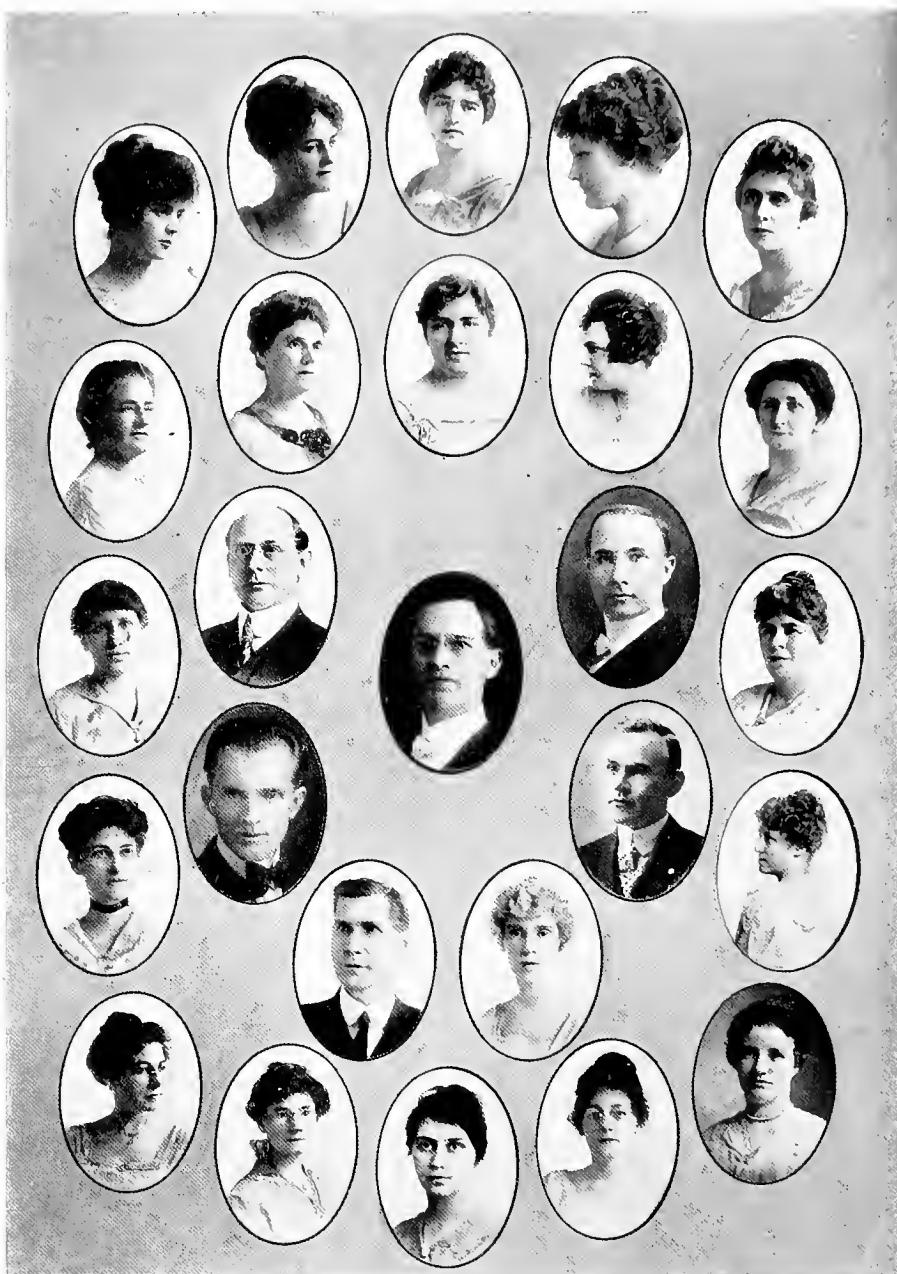
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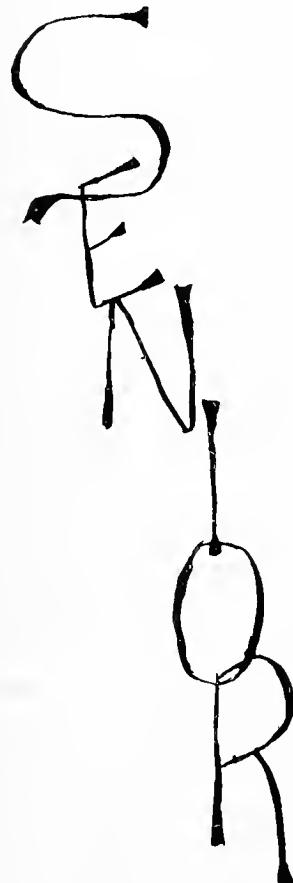


Life at Anderson

When we our studies all are shirking,
And all our teachers growing *Strick*;
And when our brain is tired of working,
And the Faculty begins to kick;
"Tis then we slip off down the street,
Goode little girls out for a walk;
When to our surprise we *Henry* meet,
And have a nice and quiet talk.
Two other sons then come our way,
Our quiet path to cheer:
Jame-son and *Gib-son*—“a lucky day,”
We say, as they draw near.
We hasten then down to the road,
Relying on our screen, the hedge;
But we did not see the little Ford,
With a sharp-eyed driver whose name is *Edge*.
When suddenly 'round the corner it swings,
And *Henry*, we know, he surely saw;
Our funeral bell the Board then rings,
And well we know we are *Dun-for(d)*.
We wade in trouble as deep as the *Jordan*.
For all of which we begin to sigh;
When 'long comes a *Miller*, and tips his hat;
We holler back, we don't know why.
A clandestine meeting with a *Striplin(g)*?
Our conduct they will not *Stand-for(d)*;
Whether he studies *Code(y)* or Kipling,
Whether a *Mason* or *Brewer*—we broke the law.
We're restricted students of the school,
Our remorse is something fierce;
We shed enough tears to fill a *Poole*.
We'll add one soon, tho' money's *Scearee*.
But cheer soon comes—it ceases to rain,
We'll never again be so rash;
But become much interested in Ann *Hassel* (tane),—
But why this vision of a mustache?
But we all love our *Anderson* School,
And love as well our *Orion*;
Tho' our government has much of a rule,
It's as strong and stanch as a *Lyon*.
So may our school be as a *Hightower*,
Above the clouds in the light;
Each girl feel indeed the meaning of “our,”
And keep its record always *White*.

MARY DALE MILLER, '18.







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BLANCHE DALRYMPLE, A.B.

Lanier

LEBANON, S. C.

WILMA ERVIN, A.B.

Lanier

LANDRUM, S. C.

*"Her voice was ever sweet and low,
An excellent thing in woman."*

Vice-President Y. W. C. A., '14-'15; Sophomore Representative Student Government Association, '14-'15; Secretary Student Government Association, '15-'16; Secretary Lanier Literary Society, '16; Vice-President Junior Class, '15-'16; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '16-'17; Student Government Executive Board, '16-'17; *Orion* Staff, '16-'17; President Senior Class, '16-'17.

This meek little maiden,
With voice sweet and low,
Is cram-ful of ability,
Which always she can show.

"The heart to conceive, the understanding to direct, and the hand to execute."

Treasurer Estherian Literary Society, '13-'14; Freshman Poet, '13-'14; Y. W. A. President, '14-'15-'16; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '15-'16; Varsity Basketball, '15-'16; Lanier Literary Society Critic, '15-'16; Dramatic Club, '15-'16-'17; Senior Class Historian, '16-'17; Y. W. C. A. President, '16-'17; Business Manager *Orion*, '16-'17; Choral Club, '16-'17; President Student Government Association, '16-'17.

"Our leader," we do proudly cry;
Not proudly—nay, but bold;
For 'tis she, who, with "the Board,"
Can always "get us told."





MARY BOWIE, A.B.

Lanier

TOWNVILLE, S. C.

*"All compliments to her are trite,
She has adorers left and right."*

Secretary-Treasurer Sophomore Class, '13-'14; Treasurer Estherian Literary Society, '14; Annual Staff, '15-'16; Assistant Business Manager SORORIAN, '15-'16; Y. W. C. A. Secretary, '15-'16; Senior Class Secretary, '16-'17; Y. W. C. A. Treasurer, '16-'17; President Lanier Literary Society, '16; Assistant Business Manager SORORIAN, '16-'17; Assistant Business Manager Orion, '16-'17; Vice-President Student Government, '16-'17; President Athletic Association, '16-'17.

Mary's a worker and a treasure, we know,
But "someone" else is now thinking so,
For her future shines with a blissful glow—
(Someone's making plans for a bungalow!)

NORA McALISTER, A.B.

Estherian

CENTRAL, S. C.

"Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of others."

Vice-President Sophomore Class, '14-'15; Sergeant-at-Arms Estherian Literary Society, '14-'15; Treasurer Estherian Literary Society, '15-'16; Varsity Basketball, '15-'16; Critic Estherian Literary Society, '16-'17; SORORIAN Staff, '16-'17; Dramatic Club, '15-'16; Vice-President Estherian Literary Society, '16-'17; Varsity Basketball, '16-'17; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '16-'17.

Nora is happy and blithe and gay;
She knows when to work and when to play.
Not very often do we hear her say:
"Give me fun now—I'll work another day."





MARY RILEY, A.B.

Lanier

ANDERSON, S. C.

"Nature and accident have made me an author."

Sophomore Class President, '14-'15; Senior Class Editor, '16-'17; Secretary Day-Student Government Association, '15-'16; Critic Lanier Literary Society, '16-'17; Lanier Debater, '17; Editor-in-Chief *Orion*, '16-'17.

Pegasus oft doth visit her,
And to poet's realms above
Doth swiftly, deftly carry her
On his fair wings of love;
And when the spell is broken,
And her manuscripts are signed,
The Muse then whispers in her ear:
"Well done, my subject—fine!"

LURA KING, A.B.

Lanier

ANDERSON, S. C.

"Decision of character outstrips even talent and genius in the race for success in life."

Freshman Class Historian, '13-'14; Sophomore Class Editor, '14-'15; Junior Class Historian, '15-'16; Senior Class Prophet, '16-'17; Secretary Day-Student Government Association, '15-'16; Literary Editor *Orion*, '16-'17; President Lanier Literary Society, '16-'17; Manager Varsity Basketball, '16-'17.

All things worth while in her you'll find,
Virtues rare is her composition—
Honesty, truthfulness, piety all,
Love and a saintly disposition.





NETTIE RICHARDSON, A.B.

Lanier

LEBANON, S. C.

"*Independence and education go hand in hand.*"

Vice-President Lanier Literary Society,
'16-'17; Dramatic Club, '16-'17.

Busy, busy, Nettie-bee,
Flitting here and there to see
What else now that she may do
To help us all—both me and you.

ANNIE LAURIE DUGAN, A.B.

Estherian

HONEA PATH, S. C.

"*Not too silent, not too gay,
But a real good pal.*"

Junior Class Critic, '15-'16; Captain
'Varsity Basketball, '16-'17; Secretary
Estherian Literary Society, '16-'17.

She is an example all complete,
Of modest friend and brave athlete.
A laurel wreath on her brow we would place,
For in basketball she leads the race.





MARGARET BYRUM, A.B.

ANDERSON, S. C.

MARGARET CLEMENT, A.B.

BELTON, S. C.

*"The value of knowledge is like that of
gold—
It is valued everywhere."*

The wise men said in days behind,
That pens and quills are tongues of the mind.
"Margie" thinks likewise, we say, for she
Can manipulate those instruments to a "T."

*"Wilt thou have music? Hark! Apollo
plays,
And twenty caged nightingales do sing."*

This alabaster brow we view,
Has thoughts too deep for me or you:
For the graces have smiled upon this maiden true,
And have given her sense and learning, too.





MAUDE TRULUCK, A.B.

Estherian

OLANTA, S. C.

"*Angels are blest with artistic temperaments.*"

Varsity Basketball, '16-'17.

With a stroke of her brush,
And a dab of her paint,
She'll create some wonders,
But—just as they "aint!"

ROSE EDGE, Art

Estherian

ANDERSON, S. C.

"*I was ever a fighter.*"

Art Editor SORORIAN, '16-'17.

To two things Rose is loyal, we pledge—
To the Estherian Society and to Rose Edge.





JANET BOLT, B.M.

Estherian

EASLEY, S. C.

BESSIE PRUITT, B.M.

Lanier

STARR, S. C.

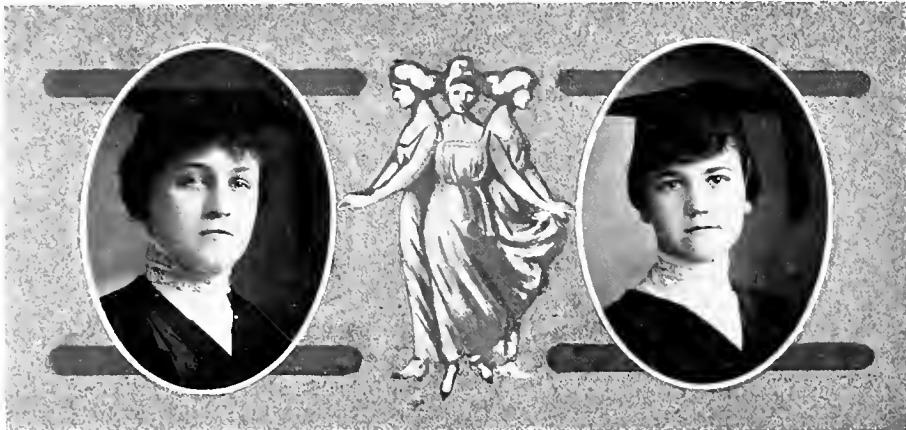
"*If music be the food of love—play on.*"

Historian Estherian Literary Society, '13-'14; Critic Estherian Literary Society, '14-'15; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '15-'16; President Estherian Literary Society, '16-'17; President Y. W. A., '16-'17; Business Manager SORORITY, '16-'17; Treasurer Senior Class, '16-'17; *Orion* Editor, '16-'17; Student Government Board, '16-'17; ΣΦ; Choral Club; German Club.

"Here's a sigh for those who love me,
And a smile for those who hate;
And whatever skies above me,
Here's a heart for any fate."

This tiny, little Bessie girl,
Finds it easy in this world
Of hardship, lessons and such things,
To loudly play and sweetly sing.
"Cause she's so busy with her work—
Which, by the way, she'll never shirk—
That she knows naught of the outside world.
This tiny, industrious, musical girl.





BERNICE TURNER, Expression

Estherian

PINK HILL, N. C.

"Her manner, all who saw, admired;
Cautious, though coy; gentle, though retired."

Member Student Government; Executive Board, '16-'17; Secretary Dramatic Club, '16-'17.

Expression is her source of life,
For without it she could not exist.
Her "Ahs" and "Ohs" mark mortal strife;
Her "cruel words" fall like fists.

GERTRUDE JONES, Expression

Estherian

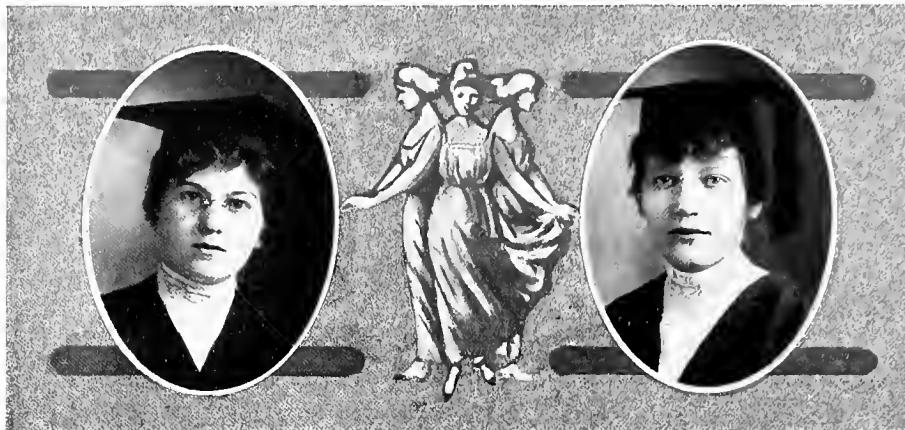
RICHMOND, VA.

"If a person cannot be happy without remaining idle, idle he should remain."

Assistant Editor *Orion*, '16-'17; Assistant Editor SORORIAN, '16-'17; Estherian Debater, '17; Dramatic Club, '17; German Club, '17; Σ Φ.

Another orator bold is here,
A follower of Delsarte, we say,
Who "elocutes" with every breath,
And "expresses" the livelong day.





BRUCIE OWINGS, Home Economics

Lanier

LAURENS, S. C.

"Could I love less, I could be more happy."

President Freshman Class, '13-'14; President Junior Class, '15-'16; Vice-President Senior Class, '16-'17; Y. W. A. Secretary, '16-'17; Student Government Executive Board, '16-'17.

So shy, so demure, so neat, so pretty,
With this store of virtues we now add witty.
And may she possess them all her life,
To make of herself a nice, comely wife.

BYRD MEEKS, Home Economics

ANDERSON, S. C.

*"I am not one who much or oft delight
In personal talk."*

This maiden makes tarts of the nniest kind—
Cakes, pastries, jellies and all dishes fine.
She's better than cooks and really, chefs, too;
We know she has some big plan in view.





WILLIE WRAY ROBINSON, Home Economics

ANDERSON, S. C.

*"She is the completest of girls and the
neatest."*

Why does Willie love so well
Her dear old native land?
Why don't you know that some folks tell
Our country's name is "Sam"?

JANIE STEWART, Home Economics

Lanier

PELZER, S. C.

*"An aim in life is the only fortune worthy
the finding."*

She knows the science of cooking
Just like an open book.
She's handy in the kitchen,
And she'll make him a good cook.





INA CARTEE, Home Economics

Lanier

ANDERSON, S. C.

ANNIE ANDERSON, Voice

Estherian

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

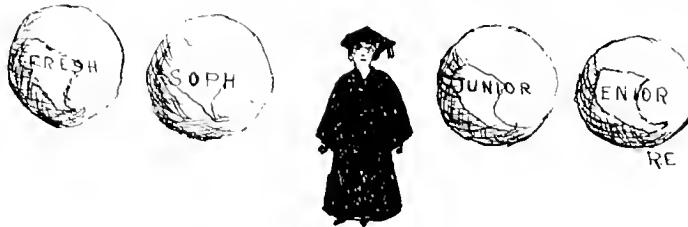
*"I have lived long enough to know that
it is best to know nothing."*

*"The glass of fashion, and the mould of
form."*

"We can live without friends,
We can live without books,
But the analyzed man
Cannot live without cooks."

Lo, hear the gentle lark
As it sings now so clear.
Why child, that's Annie singing—
Listen, can't you hear?





Senior Class History

WHEN Anderson College had been in existence only one year, good reports of this wonderful new institution had been spread abroad over the State, and reached many homes which were considering the question of "What College?" Instantly the solution came, and eighteen ambitious sojourners decided to join the onward march at Anderson. Now, as our already numbered days too quickly draw to their close, we realize the infinite wisdom of our decision. We look back with sincerest pleasure upon our career at Anderson College. During our four years we have seen our Alma Mater emerge from childhood into womanhood, from weakness into strength, and from a small lighthouse to an educational force and power which shall leave its indelible imprint upon the characters of all who shall linger under the shadow of its flag.

Among our class of eighteen Freshmen there were found the "gloomy, gloomier, gloomiest"; the "bright, brighter, brightest"; the "blue, bluer, bluest"; and the "wise, wiser, wisest"; but we all very early developed into the "green, greener, greenest," for the conviction soon came in ghostliest terms that Anderson College offers no "royal road to learning." And oh! what a glamor that cast over us!

Some fell by the wayside with that horrible Freshman malady of home-sickness; some decided that perhaps they were needed to help mother; others, that life would be much better without four years of college work, anyhow; and all concluded that a college diploma was not worth the course paid in Freshman math. But all these eccentricities lasted only for a while. With the pull and spur of upper-classmen, and the constant push and encouragement from our instructors, we very soon reset our pace toward the goal of Sophistry.

Before reaching it, however, many "sloughs of despond" were passed through. It seemed for a while as if Freshman math. would bury us "beneath the sods" in isosceles triangles, polyhedrons, prisms, and parallelopipeds, with such monsters as sines, cotangents, and logarithms. At a day appointed we had a life and death encounter with these dragons. Victory was the result and soon we were ready to pass out of our first year at college with much mental acumen, but greatly in need of mental and physical invigoration.

When we returned as Sophomores in the fall it was not as the wise, sagacious creature who "knows and knows he knows," as most are shown up to be; nor as the foolish who "knows not and knows not he knows not"; nor as the sleepy who "knows and knows not he knows"; but rather as the eager, wide-awake, and teachable who "knows not and knows he knows not." (All due credit given to the faculty.)





Our second year was rather a happy one. We were at that mile-post where to turn back was impossible, for a pale gleam of the Senior Star could hazily be seen in the distance. We quickly learned our mission as Sophomores, and all our spare moments the year through were spent in pulling the Freshmen, who were passing through the ordeals essential to a first year at college.

Since 1914 our class has become most marvelous. We have some who must have been "born great," some who "achieved greatness," and certainly a few "who have had greatness thrust upon them." Sixteen new girls have joined us, four of them having "starred" in other colleges. Misses Jones and Turner have come to us from the Woman's College of Richmond, Miss Jones being a graduate of that institution. Limestone College, in Gaffney, blessed us with two "shiners" this year, Miss Richardson and Miss Truluck. Miss Truluck has a diploma from there in art. Miss Pruitt and Miss Bolt have so excelled in the study of music that they are able to bring forth musical strains by a mere glance at the keys. Miss Turner and Miss Jones have achieved so much in the study of expression that soon their renown will be voiced by the waves of the Pacific. This spring we considered ourselves fortunate in having Misses King and Riley, the intellectual stars of the class, to leave their homes in the city and cast their lot with us. The poetic verse of these two genii have caused many a glancing eye to rest upon the pages of our *Orion*. There is also among our class of twenty-two, three presidents of societies, the Editor-in-chief of the *Orion*, the business manager of the *Orion*, the president of the Athletic Association, the business manager of the Annual, the captain of the varsity basketball team, and many "Madam Modistes," and scientific housekeepers.

We have not only swept the fields of oratory, music, literature, expression, and poetry, but have won honors on the athletic field as well. A silver loving-cup belongs to us this year as a result of a victory over the class teams in a basketball contest on November 20th.

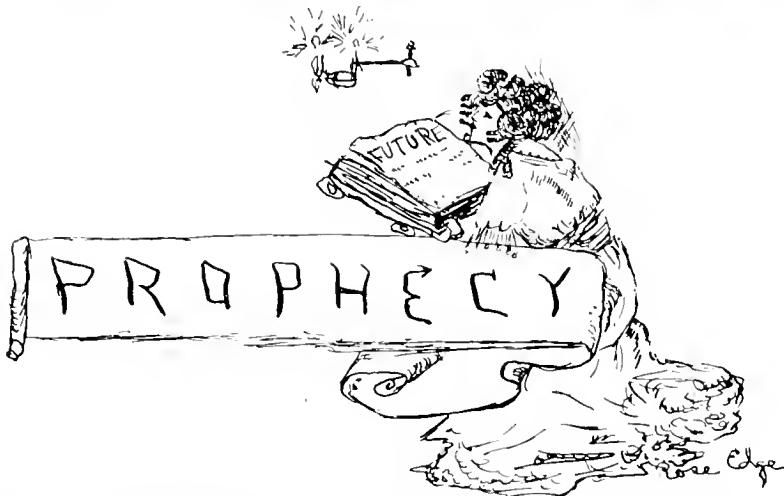
Now, at the close of our sojourn here, we stand at the threshold of another life with just one thing to lament—that some of those who started with us found it necessary to pitch their tents in other places. We have reached the place of the long-looked-for Senior star, but it is gone. It is somewhere in the far distant future, shedding a little ray of light in one place over a country school-room full of eager little faces, in another over a hospital ward full of the suffering, and there perhaps over a bungalow near a church-yard, and yonder over a mission in far-away China. How we would love to turn back! But we must follow thy guiding, Oh, Senior Star, Star of our Life.

We take our departure now, not with tear-stained faces, but with faces bright with future hopes. We leave to the under-classmen our best wishes, and with pledges of undying devotion and never-ending loyalty to our Alma Mater, we pass out singing as never before:

"And, tho' we leave thee,
We'll never grieve thee;
True to our trust we'll be,
Our best endeavor,
Now and forever,
Always to honor thee."

WILMA ERVIN, Historian.





THE train was speeding along through the lovely scenery of Southern California. But I was not interested in the scenery. I was thinking about the last time I had been this way. It was five years ago—five years since I had left my Southern home and had gone to Alaska as a teacher. Naturally, I was impatient to get back with relatives and friends, especially my classmates, for I had left only a few weeks after graduation, and had not had a chance to talk over school days with any one.

I was suddenly roused from my reverie by a sudden jolt of the car—as unexpected lurch, a plunge, and then I slowly realized that something tight was around my head, which ached dreadfully, and that I wasn't on the car, but in a hospital. I moved a little, and a soft, soothing voice said, "Don't try to move; just lie still and rest and try to sleep. You were hurt in a wreck and we're taking care of you; so try to rest." Where had I heard that voice? I closed my eyes and my aching head was forgotten as a dim picture formed in my mind,—a brown-haired, brown-eyed girl, soothing another's aching forehead. Could it be—I opened my eyes and tried to turn to see her, when she came to my bedside,—yes, it was Nettie; I tried to speak, but she soothed me and told me to wait till later to say it. So, wondering if it weren't a dream, or a nightmare, I went to sleep. When I woke up, there sat Nettie beside me. "Lura, is this really you? I can't realize it," she said, "I didn't recognize you at first because you were nearly covered with bandages. What on earth are you doing 'way over here, so far from old South Carolina?" I explained that I had been teaching in the government schools in Alaska, and had not been home since the summer of '17. She told me how she had gone to Johns Hopkins and taken training as special nurse in nervous diseases, finishing in '21; and was now head nurse in the famous Grant Fisher Sanitorium of Los Angeles.

During the days of my convalescence, I was almost glad I had been among the injured ones, for by that round about way, I had finally managed to get my name in the newspapers and friends from far and near wrote to me. One morning I was doubly happy, for the postman brought me letters from Wilma and Nora. Tho' it





had been only two weeks since I had heard from Wilma, she seemed almost a different girl, so much had happened in those two weeks. She had finished at the W. M. U. Training School at Louisville, Ky., had been appointed as missionary to Japan and what's more, had taken the one remaining step and had become Mrs. Edwards. She told me, too, that Mary Bowie and Brucie had taken teaching only as "stepping-stones to higher things," and were both to be married in June. Nora was playground supervisor with the Redpath Chautauqua, and such glaring tales as she did tell. I wondered who had the most fun, Nora or the children; she was certainly enthusiastic and crazy about her work.

But the biggest surprise came one morning when I was sitting out on the veranda and Nef brought a visitor—Bessie Pruitt, the same little brown-eyed, curly-haired girl, the baby of our class. She was the pianist of the Celebrated Danarimo Quintette of the Alkahest Lyceum, and was just finishing her first season with them. She was perfectly delighted with her work, and seemed supremely contented, of course, since she did nothing but play the piano.

One Sunday morning, while glancing over the *New York Times*, a familiar face smiled at me from the page. Instantly I recognized Amie Laurie, and the article below told that she had recently won the national golf championship. I wasn't surprised when I remembered what a devotee of all outdoor sports she was at A. C.

I remained under Nettie's protecting care for three weeks; then loath to go and yet anxious, I went on to South Carolina. One day, to brighten the monotony, I bought several magazines to read. Incidentally I turned to the short stories and was struck with the good common-sense thoughts in one entitled "Just a Butterfly," a short-story attack against the woman who is only a "butterfly," and some undeniably strong arguments for woman suffrage. Curious, I turned to see who was the author, and was proud and surprised to see that it was Gertrude Jones, better known as Sallie.

In glancing through the *Atlanta Journal* I chanced to pause at the glaring headlines "With the Divorce Courts," and accidentally ran across the familiar name of Rose Edge. I read this article, "Miss Rose Edge has recently been admitted to the bar: She is the third woman lawyer of Atlanta and bids fair to keep her opponents of the stronger sex on their watchout." Further comment told of her brilliant career in the law school of Princeton; of her success in several complicated divorce suits and of her bright future as a prominent member of the bar.

Slowly the train drew near home, and familiar places were called out. I changed trains in Seneca. When I entered the car, it was almost full, and seeing a vacant seat beside a stylishly-dressed lady, I asked if it was taken. An exclamation of surprise broke from me as I recognized Janie Stewart. We were both asking questions at the same time, but I finally managed to tell her enough of myself to get her to talking. She gave me a smart little business card that explained a good deal: "Mme. Janie Stewart, Modiste, Fifth Avenue, New York." She had spent three years studying under the fashion masters and designers and was now owner and manager of an exclusive shop for ladies' Parisian gowns. She was on her way to Brucie's wedding, going a little early to put the final touches to the bride's trousseau, which she had in charge. She told me most of the plans for the wedding. Willie Wray, no longer Miss Robinson, but Mrs. F. N. Westcott, of Jacksonville, was to be matron of honor; Janet was to play the wedding march; she had





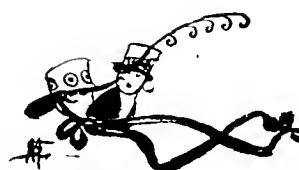
finished in Boston the season before and, with her husband, Dr. Von Heink, was to have charge of the Conservatory of Music at A. C. the next session. I asked her if she knew any of the plans for Mary's wedding and she said she only knew that Ina, expert caterer of Atlanta, had charge of the refreshments, and that Maude, now the leading decorator and designer of Charleston, had charge of the decorating; she added that both Ina and Maude are girls for old A. C. to be proud of; she had heard that Byrd, modiste of St. Louis, had designed the trousseau.

Two weeks later, I quietly stepped into a remote corner of the parlor of Mary's home and eagerly awaited the appearance of the bride. The familiar strains of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" came to us, and as we waited, little daintily-dressed flower girls came in; then the bridesmaids, and one of them was Bernice. Just before the bride came Blanche, matron of honor, for my neighbor informed me that she was Mrs. Harold Willis, of Greenville. Then came Mary, the same old Mary, with her same sweet smile, and I wondered who would not have smiled sweetly when I saw the one to whom she had given her heart and hand.—James Milton, the leading architect of Greenville.

Later Blanche, Bernice and I had a long chat. Bernice was teacher of expression in the Woman's College of Richmond. "Well, what has become of our two Margarets?" I asked. "Haven't you heard of how Margaret Clement made herself famous?" they asked in surprise. "She has formulated and proved its worth by carrying it out in the practice, a new method of teaching. All the leading educators say its the only real method of solving the old perplexing problems that were considered hopeless. "That girl's a genius!" they asserted. "And old Mary Riley's making herself heard from, too," they continued. "She's writing some of the deepest books; books dealing with practical psychology, philosophy, and ethics. She is being complimented and honored by professors and deep thinkers everywhere." "And Margaret Byrum, what of her?" I asked. I found out then that Margaret had taken an A.M. at Columbia and specialized in English, and then had accepted the chair of English at our Alma Mater, though it was doubtful how long she would have it, as the science professor seemed to have had a marked influence over her.

So Fate had been kind and generous to our class of '17; each one seemed "just as happy as happy could be." Even if we could, we need not say, "Backward, turn backward, O time, in your flight; make me a college girl again, just for tonight;"—for we are still the same happy, loving class of '17, loyal and devoted to our dear old Alma Mater.

LURA KING, *Prophet*.





Senior Will



BE it known to all men by these presents, That we, the Senior class of Anderson College, nineteen hundred and seventeen, in the town of Anderson, State of South Carolina, being of sound minds, do hereby make, publish and declare this to be our last Will and Testament:

Item One: To our loved and honored president, Dr. John E. White, we do will and bequeath the brave, courageous, dauntless, never-failing courage of Blanche Dalrymple.

Item Two: To our secretary and treasurer, Mr. Zebulon J. Edge we will a never-expiring contract with the Anderson Coffin Co., with orders that one of these articles is to be on hand whenever he wishes to bury an Anderson College girl "beneath the sods."

Item Three: To our dean, Mr. John T. Miller, we leave Oreita Rice's "Dr. Green's August Flower Indigestion Medicine," fearing that he doesn't get model meals at the Model Home.

Item Four: To Mr. Gibson, we leave Nettie Richardson's fluency of speech.

Item Five: To the optimistic Mr. Dunford, we leave Mary Bowie's pessimism.

Item Six: Gertrude Jones leaves her Georgette crepe waists to be used by the school.

Item Seven: To our matron, Mrs. Gibson, we leave six maids to wait on her, so that she will not be "tired to death carrying trays"; also a trained nurse to look after her health, so she will not be "sicker than all the girls in the infirmary."

Item Eight: To our lady principal, Mrs. Seearee, we leave Wilma Ervin's loud voice and disregard of rules as she seems to admire these qualities.

Item Nine: Nettie Richardson leaves her position as Mrs. Gibson's hairdresser to Lucia Sullivan.

Item Ten: To our sponsor, Miss Cody, we leave our love for the Senior class, feeling that she needs some tie to bind her to us.

Item Eleven: To Miss Jordan we leave one of Jane Bolt's numerous lovers.

Item Twelve: Bessie Pruitt leaves her middy suits and curls to Miss Hightower.

Item Thirteen: Maude Truluck leaves her ability to paint to Ruth Brownlee(?).

Item Fourteen: Bernice Turner leaves her talent in dramatic art to Miss McGee.





Item Fifteen: To our housekeeper, Mrs. Stanford, we leave a disgnise for gravy.

Item Sixteen: Willie Wray, Robinson leaves to Miss Anderson, her love for Anderson(?).

Item Seventeen: To the Junior class we leave all the money left in our treasury.

Item Eighteen: Janet Bolt leaves her position as private secretary to Mr. Strick to Gladys White.

Item Nineteen: Mary Riley and Lura King leave their mental ability to the "Scrub Faculty."

Item Twenty: Annie Laurie Dugan leaves her temper to Miss Louise Henry.

Item Twenty-One: Nora McAlister leaves her cheery, "Good morning," to Mrs. Stanford.

Item Twenty-Two: Brucie Owings leaves her dignity to Mary Dale Miller.

Item Twenty-Three: Rose Edge leaves her fighting spirit to Mary Lee Norris.

Item Twenty-Four: Jamie Stewart leaves her quiet manner to Caro Geer.

Item Twenty-Five: Margaret Byrum leaves her seat in the library to the Junior English Class.

Item Twenty-Six: Margaret Clement leaves her slowness of speech to Sybil Martin.

We hereby constitute Gertrude Jones excentrix of our last Will and Testament.

In witness whereof we have hereto set our hands and seals this twenty-eighth day of May,

CLASS OF NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN.

Witnesses:

GLADYS WHITE,

MAY LIGON,

RUTH BROWNLEE,

ANN MURDAUGH.





Reveille

The goal is won, the prize is gained,
The end is near at hand.
The race is finished now and done,
And at the gate we stand.

The hour is nigh for us to leave;
The bugle sounded now.
We take the golden crown of work,
The laurel on our brow.

The goal, the end, the prize, the game?
The crown and laurel fair?
Accomplishment of all things gained?
Behind, what was to dare?

Ah, no! 'Tis hardly just begun.

In reaching that we now attain,
The vision wider grew.
The finis e'er eluded grasp,
And pathways opened new.

The hour is not of death, but birth;
The clarion calls us clear;
We enter in the lists of Life,
The throb of things to hear.

Fear we the road before us long?
The meeting with the world?
Doubt we that all is well, think Life
To be one maddening swirl?

O, Alma Mater, mother kind,
Though leaving thee, we weep,
Thy love hath made us clearer-eyed,
And roused our souls from sleep.

The Light of Truth in hand, we go—
Our feet with Patience shod,
A mighty Faith shrined in our hearts—
In service to our God.

M. R., '17.





Pines

They stand in the depths of the forest,
An odorous forest of blossom and song,
The topmost branches ever striving
To attain the blue and breath of Heaven.

O Pines! I lay my cheek to thee,
And thy heart leaps out to meet my own;
Mine sings with thine, and I understand
The mystery and magic of thy music.

In other trees the bitter blasts
Are threatful, gloomy, sad;
But in thy boughs they soften,
And for me are warming, glad.

Sometimes it is the echo
Of the far-off restless sea, or the croon
Of a mother, lulling the violets
That live and nestle at thy feet.

When the wind plucks off their leafy caps,
And their wide blue eyes are turned to thee,
They speak their modesty in love,
And worship thee with bright, uplifted faces.

So I, my pines, do love thee,
And seek thy shelter green;
For there I learn my noblest thoughts,
And wondrous things have seen.

M. R., '17.





JUNIOR





Junior Class

COLOR: *Green and Gold*

FLOWER: *Goldenrod*

MOTTO: "Let us make ourselves a noble name,
With deeds of noble merit!"

SLOGAN: "Eat, drink and be merry,
For tomorrow we'll be Seniors!"

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Junior Class History

AT the opening of the third year at Anderson College, the present Junior class came into being. Looking back to that year when we were Freshmen, we smile as we recall how our lofty ideals were ridiculed by those above us. Nevertheless we fought bravely through the dark ages.

When we returned the following fall, how changed we all were and how differently we looked upon our college career! This change was only the sign that we were Sophomores and hence realized our importance. It was during this year that we were constantly called upon for essays, debates and short talks in class. How proud we were that we were able to master so well the different subjects required of Sophomores!

Since we are Juniors we try to appear as such by concealing the wisdom of Sophomores and delaying the dignity of Seniors. As a class we are bound together by the strongest of ties and are liberal supporters of the best interests of the college. As we advance higher up the path of knowledge we begin to see in the distance that goal we long to reach.

KATHLEEN BURRISS, *Historian.*





Junior Days Gone By

Our Junior year is ended,
We've knowledge great amassed,
And when we back to college come,
We'll be as Seniors classed.

Now through vacation's sunny days
We'll crowd fun in each minute,
For every girl has got her beau—
His auto—she'll live in it.

No time to think of books and all—
That vast amount of knowledge
Will keep until vacation ends,
And we return to college.

We've chums so dear, and friends galore,
So every single lass
Will say "goodbye" with vast regrets,
To that dear Junior class.

Grave Seniors have no time for fun;
On dignity they stand,
For they must leave their name's imprint
Deep in memory's sand.

As we gaze into Life's mirror,
Do we see within the glass,
As many happy faces
As in our Junior class?

RUTH HEMBREE, Poet.





An Ideal Evening

THE bright, sunny day, with its various signs of spring's return, is now slowly coming to an end. The big, red sun, which through the day has been giving forth light and heat, has just completed its journey from the distant east, and in its diurnal motion is now slowly setting above the western horizon. Just as this great, luminous body is slowly sinking, its magical rays are portraying, coloring and making fanciful nature's beauty. In looking toward the west beyond the tall trees on the distant hills, are seen the beautiful glowing colors of the spectrum, accompanied by a purplish counter glow in the east. As the sun has grown weak and faint, it is now able to give out only a dazzling stream of light which robes the meadows, hills and plains in a veil of deepest mystery. On the verdant hills the tall, graceful trees are boldly standing robed in their new, gay garments, which the coming of spring has fashioned. An added lustre is given to their apparel by the hushed rays of the sinking sun, which is gently shed upon them. These same rays find their way, through the trees on the hillside to the river's edge.

There is but a dim light which reaches the river, but in this light is force enough to apparently transform the waters to an unreal world. The light becomes weaker and fainter, and alas! the big, round sun is gone.

It is now twilight, and a solemn stillness pervades the whole universe. Mother Earth, with her strong, outstretched arms, is slowly gathering her noisy children within their fold, just as "the hen gathereth her brood."

There is a silent watch being kept. Each minute seems longer and becomes more death-like in its stillness. The tender, green leaves have ceased their stir among the trees. No longer are heard the lullaby songs, which the little birds sing as they flit from place to place hunting food for their babes. These little birds have sought and found their night's abode in the strong boughs of the forest trees. There are no crickets, no croaking frogs, and no sign of life save the faint glare of burning lights, that can be seen from the farm-house windows.

The undisturbed air signifies peace and quietness. The sweet, gentle fragrance of the wild woodland flowers perfumes the meadows and plains. In the clear, blue sky, the slender moon is slowly rising from behind the hills and is touching them gently with its tender light, which gives them the appearance of the sombreness and stillness of a star-lit night. Not long is the moon in the heaven alone, for the little twinkling stars slowly make their appearance one by one, and begin to play hide and seek with the moon.

It is just as this unbroken silence becomes filled with the mystery and awe of the evening, when the landscape becomes fainter and fainter and at last the twilight fades into a dark and gruesome night.

AMANDA SHIRLEY, '18.





SOPHOMORE





Sophomore Class

COLORS: *Purple and Gold*

FLOWER: *Pansy*

MOTTO: *Tout Bien ou Rien*

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CLASS OF 1919





A Sophomore's Tribute

I sit alone for a moment,
On this bright Commencement day,
Reviewing my book of memories,
That is tenderly folded away.

Memories, sweet, fond memories,
Of past days for which I long,
Yet leave an echo behind them
That is almost as sweet as the song.

Though our climb up the hill of knowledge
Is anything but complete,
The lessons we've learned in our Sophomore year,
Will always ward off defeat.

Lessons—'tis true—but not lessons,
Learned for the text-book's sake;
But lessons of comradeship, service,
The lessons of "give and take."

As we take each step in the future,
May our Sophomore ideal prove a star,
That will always beckon us onward
To the heights of ambition afar.

EDITH HUBBARD, *Poet.*





Sophomore Class History

"**E**VERY home has a history—even a peasant's hut." The histories of many people and nations are most wonderfully filled with the most important and marvelous happenings. There is no history, however, made by the inhabitants of any State or nation that is more filled with "wars and rumors of war" than is the history made by the inhabitants of a college.

We find recorded the same things that are true of other great nations and people. There are times of war and times of peace; there are uprisings and rebellions; there are days of plenty and alas! days of famine as well.

This "strange and eventful history" divides itself into four illustrious periods—Freshman, Sophomore, Junior and Senior. Of these there is none who is not aware which of the four is more to be desired. There is no one who doubts that never is life sweeter or knowledge more certain than while we are passing through that era when we call ourselves Sophomores.

We, the class of nineteen hundred and nineteen, have entered upon that era of our history. Sixteen there are whom the gods have smiled upon, and have placed in this happy state,—sixteen who call themselves Sophomores. In order to become Sophomores, of course, we had to be Freshmen. So in September of nineteen hundred and fifteen we submitted to the ordeal and matriculated as Freshmen. For one blessed year, nine long and weary months, together we endured the intellectual stare of the Senior, the Junior's look of wisdom, and the pitying gaze of the Sophomores. All this we endured, yea! and more, too; all this we suffered that we might become Sophomores.

And now that long-looked-for day has been realized. It is well worth all the trials and hardships through which we had to pass.

We are more than happy with our state. In fact so contented are we that we really wonder, "Why, after all, do we have to become Juniors?" But then we reflect, "do not they owe all they are to us?" Without the confidence and courage acquired when Sophomores they could never have had the courage to launch out and attempt the perils of Seniordom.

"Tout bien ou rien."

Everything well or nothing. That is our motto! There is no need to ask whether we live up to it. There is nothing that we do that we do not do well.

We are Sophomores!

LUCY MCPHAIL, *Historian.*





The Lesson of the Song-Birds

As I sat beside my window,
Looking at the falling rain,
I noticed two small birdies
Just outside the window pane.

They were singing merrily,
As tho' they did not mind the rain,
While I sat there wishing
That the sun would shine again.

Then other songbirds warbled,
Not so very far away,
And as they chirped their love notes,
They, too, seemed blithe and gay.

As I listened to a robin,
Not a note did he complain,
While I sat there wishing
That the sun would shine again.

I was somber, sad and dreary,
As I listened to the rain,
And wondered how the little birds
Could ever sing again.

But as I listened longer,
I, too, began to sing.
For I had learned a lesson
From the bird notes of the spring.

DORCAS KAY.





FRESHMAN





Freshman Class

COLORS: *Sky Blue and Gold*

FLOWER: *Daffodil*

SLOGAN: "Green, but growing"

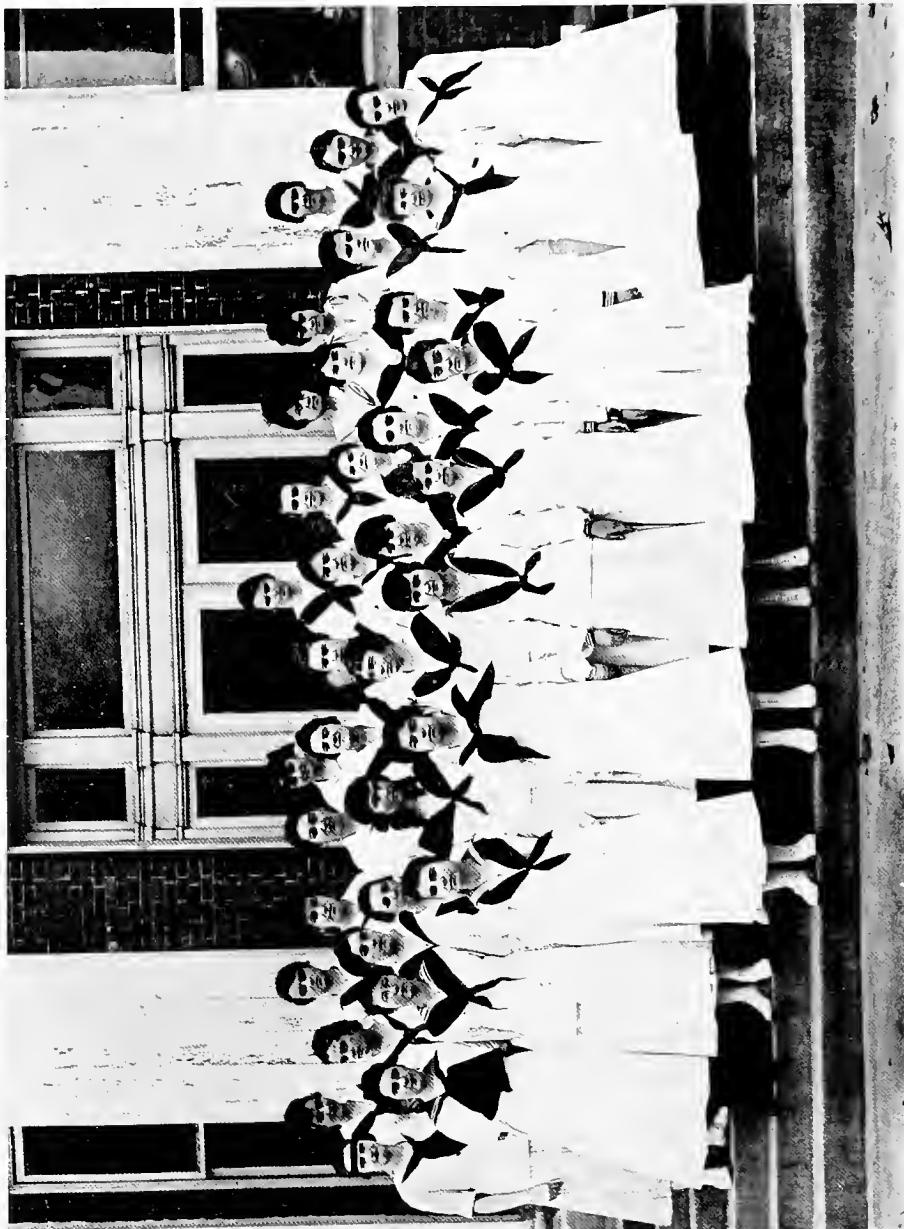
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CLASS OF 1920





Freshman Poem

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "We've come to the end."
"We are green no longer," at last we can say.
Oh, what a change since yesterday!

It was in the mild month of September,
Oh, how easy it is to remember,
When we started the long road to travel,
And profound and deep science unravel.

There was geometry, so astounding,
Mysteries of an angle and curve,
We launched in with courage abounding,
That from the right track, oft would swerve.

There was history, mediaeval and modern,
Heroic deeds we did read,
But we could not put them into practice,
When heroic deeds we did need.

Science was not quite to our liking;
To the comets and stars we did soar,
As of old, like some sea-loving Viking,
Came we back with a snuff and a roar.

Farewell to thee, dear Freshman class;
We are sorry to say we must go,
But Sophdom is calling from high heights to us:
"Hurry, young laggards, you're awfully slow."

LAKE MC SWAIN.





PREPS





Preparatory Department

COLORS: *Yellow and White*

FLOWER: *Daisy*

SLOGAN: "Well begun is half done"

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	SARAH McFALL	

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CLASS OF 1921





Preparatory Poem

"Prep'aration, "Prep'aration, "Prep'aration,
Math. and Latin cause hesitation,
But still its "prep'aration without a fuss,
Because Freshman day is awaiting us.

Then three more summers of recreation,
Between Sophomore, Junior "prep'aration,
So now we will bid yon adieu;
Soon in Senior gowns we will greet you.

SARAH McFALL, *Poet.*





S P E C I A L





Special Class

COLORS: *Pink and Blue*

FLOWER: *Sweet Pea*

SLOGAN: "Swimming, but not sinking"

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LUCILLE DEVLIN	CAROLYN McFALL	MIRTLE WORKMAN





SPECIAL CLASS





Special Poem

Come, dear Specials, let us go
Where the camp-fire is burning low;
And while the shadows dance and play
We'll talk the evening hours away.

We'll let our laughter float on the breeze,
As it plays hide and seek among the trees;
Yes, someone has brought her ukelele along;
Now we'll sing and play our college song.

Let us dance upon the grass so green,
And from leafen dippers drink from the stream;
Now 'tis time for our fortunes to be told—
Come, kind witch, our future unfold.

Be quiet, girls, and through a mist we'll see,
What we are going to do and going to be.
Listen! What is it I hear the witch say?
That Julia will be a famous artist some day.

Her voice floats out upon the night—
A great prima donna will be Miss White;
And Oreita, in your hand I can see,
A great virtuoso you will be.

Sarah, this line is a sure and certain rule—
You're to teach domestic art in a great, big school,
Goode, a fine voice teacher you will be,
And are desired to train girls at A. C.

The Jackson girls, so neat and trim,
Are to make evening frocks to please every whim;
Mary Abrams is going to cook and bake
Dainty dishes no one could refuse to take.

On and on our fortunes are being told,
Heedless that the night air is growing cold,
Until we hear the parting song, soft and low,
Then back to A. C. and cozy rooms we go.

FLORIDE PRUITT, *Poet.*





C L U B S





Pan-Hellenic Association

SIGMA PHI

RUTH BROWNLEE

CATHERINE FRETWELL

GERTRUDE JONES

MARIE NELSON

THETA KAPPA SIGMA

MARY DALE MILLER

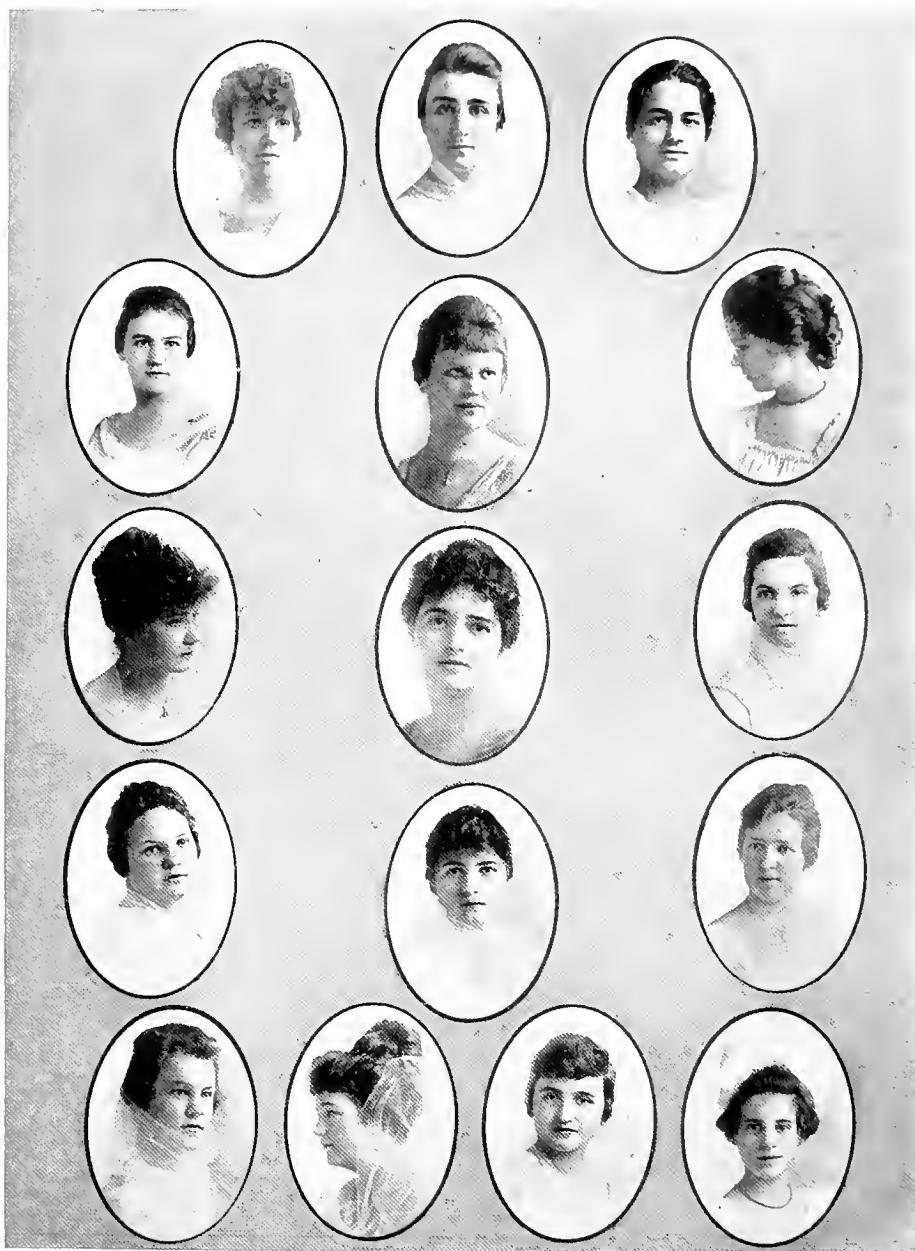
MARION DUNCAN

ROSADA TALBERT

OREITA RICE









Sigma Phi

Colors: Silver and Pink

FLOWER: Wild Rose

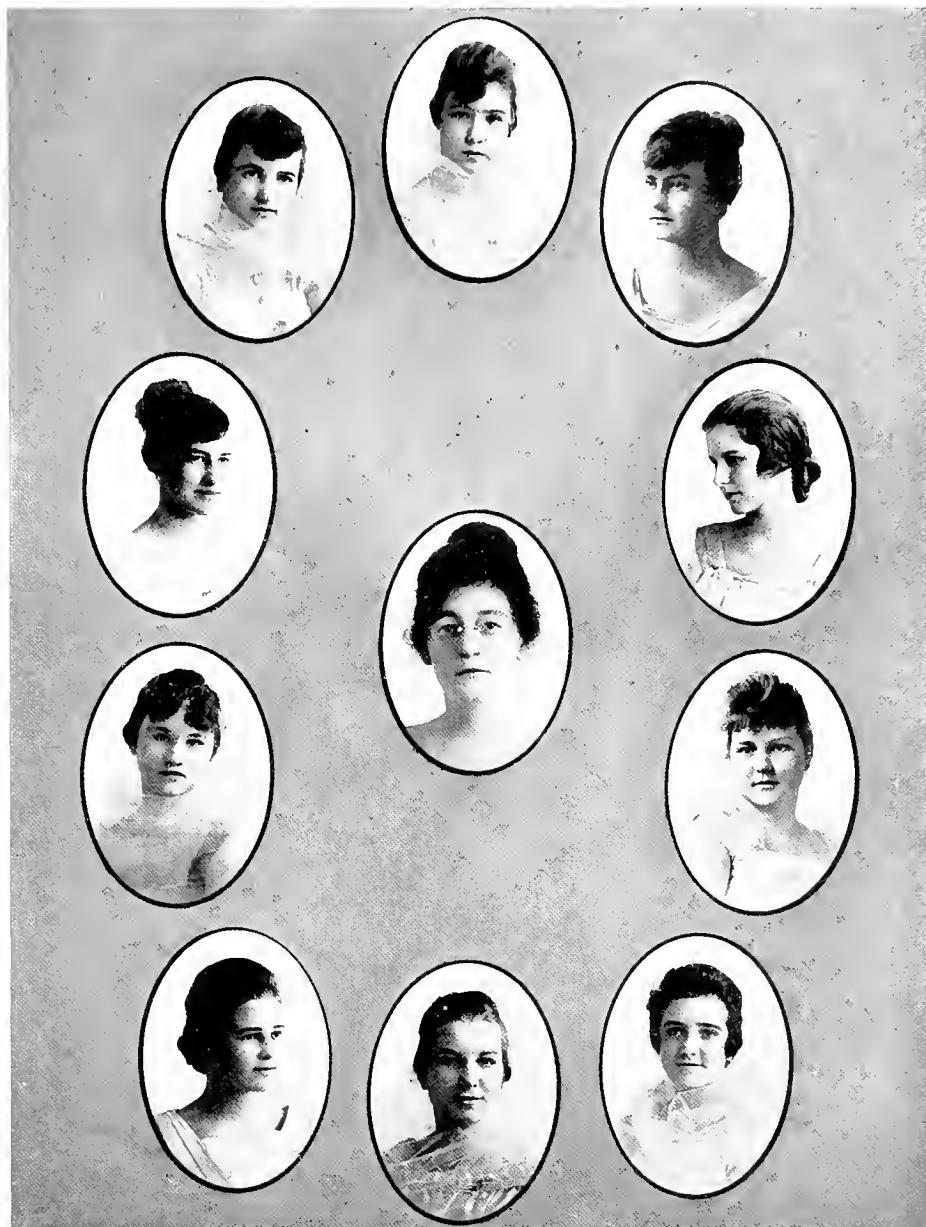
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Theta Kappa Sigma

COLORS: *Green and Silver*

FLOWER: *American Beauty*

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ESTHERIAN LITERARY SOCIETY





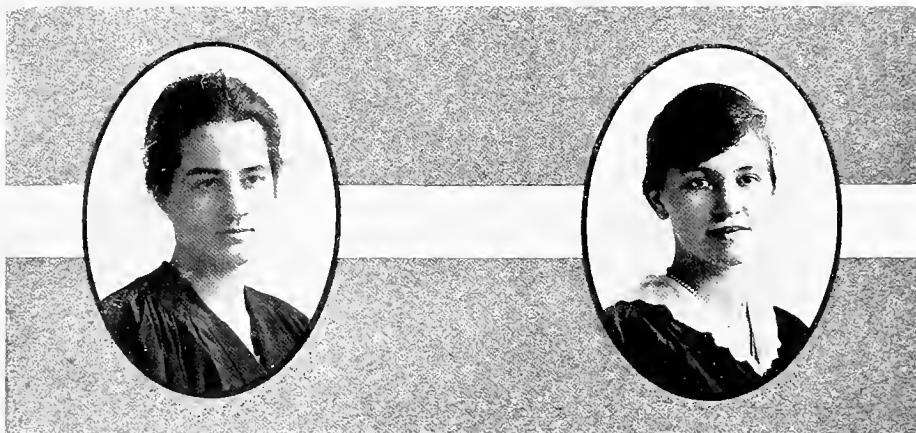
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MOTTO: "He builds too low, who builds beneath the stars"

YELL:

L-L, a-a-a, n-n-n, i-i-i, e-e-e, r-r-r, s-s-s,
Laniers, Laniers, Laniers!
Good—better—best
That's us—us—us!

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LANIER LITERARY SOCIETY





The Heart-Call

Dear little flowers of every hue—
Purple, red, gold, and blue—
How is it you can blossom, and show
Such lovely colors to the spring-sun's glow?
The whisp'ring breezes bent to hear;
And a soft sweet voice came to my ear:
“Deep in our hearts, a soft voice cried:
‘Grow and blossom’—and we tried.”

Songbird of spring, with your note of glee
Ringing from every field and tree,
How is it you pour your heart into song,
Flooding with gladness the whole day long?
The trees stopped swaying just to see
How the songbird would answer me,
“Deep in my heart a sweet voice bid
Me burst into song—and I did.”

You big, tall oak with branches so strong,
How did you know you weren't doing wrong
When you pushed out your buds into the spring,
And put on your lovely new gown of green?
The soft clouds above drew nearer, and bent
To hear the message the oak tree sent:
“In my heart of hearts a deep voice said:
‘Be glad, put on new life’—and I obeyed.”

O, heart of mine, with your care and love,
Have you ever heard that voice from above,
That whispers in sweetest notes, so clear:
“Give a smile—or a song—the world needs your cheer!”
Then, like the flow'rs and birds and trees,
List to the voice that came to these.
To the voice that speaks to you, my heart,
Answer: “I'll try—I'll do my part.”

LURA KING, '17.

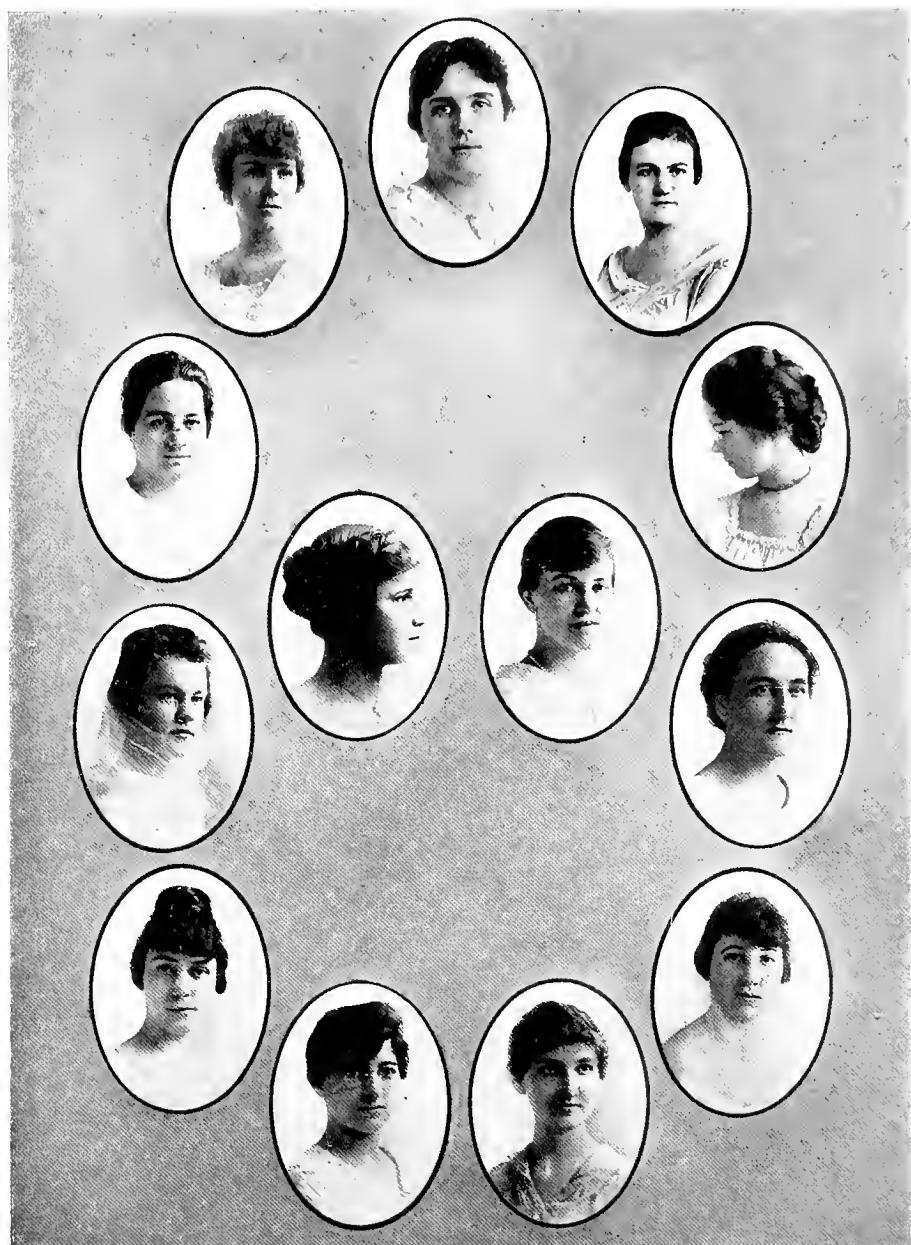




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RETHI HEMBREE		LEILA WILSON







Varsity Team

LURA KING	<i>Manager</i>
ANNIE LAURIE DUGAN	<i>Captain</i>
EMILY SULLIVAN	<i>Center</i>
MARION DUNCAN	<i>Center</i>
SUE MAE HERLONG	<i>Guard</i>
GLADYS DUGAN	<i>Guard</i>
RUTH HEMBREE	<i>Guard</i>
MAUDE TRULUCK	<i>Substitute</i>
NORA MCALISTER	<i>Substitute</i>
ANNIE BRADDY	<i>Substitute</i>
LOIS STANFORD	<i>Substitute</i>





Senior Team

ANNIE LAURIE DUGAN	Goal
LURA KING	Center
MAUDE TRULUCK	Goal
NORA McALISTER	Guard
MARY POWIE	Center
NETTIE RICHARDSON	Guard





Junior Team

NANNIE SMITH	<i>Guard</i>
MARY DALE MILLER	<i>Center</i>
RUTH BROWNLEE	<i>Goal</i>
FANNIE SUE McCURRY	<i>Guard</i>
RUTH HEMBREE	<i>Center</i>
CLARA COOK	<i>Goal</i>





Sophomore Team

ANNIE BRADDY	<i>Center</i>
EMILY SULLIVAN	<i>Goal</i>
CARO GEER	<i>Guard</i>
HAZEL PRUITT	<i>Center</i>
OREITA RICE	<i>Goal</i>
ESSIE COOK	<i>Guard</i>

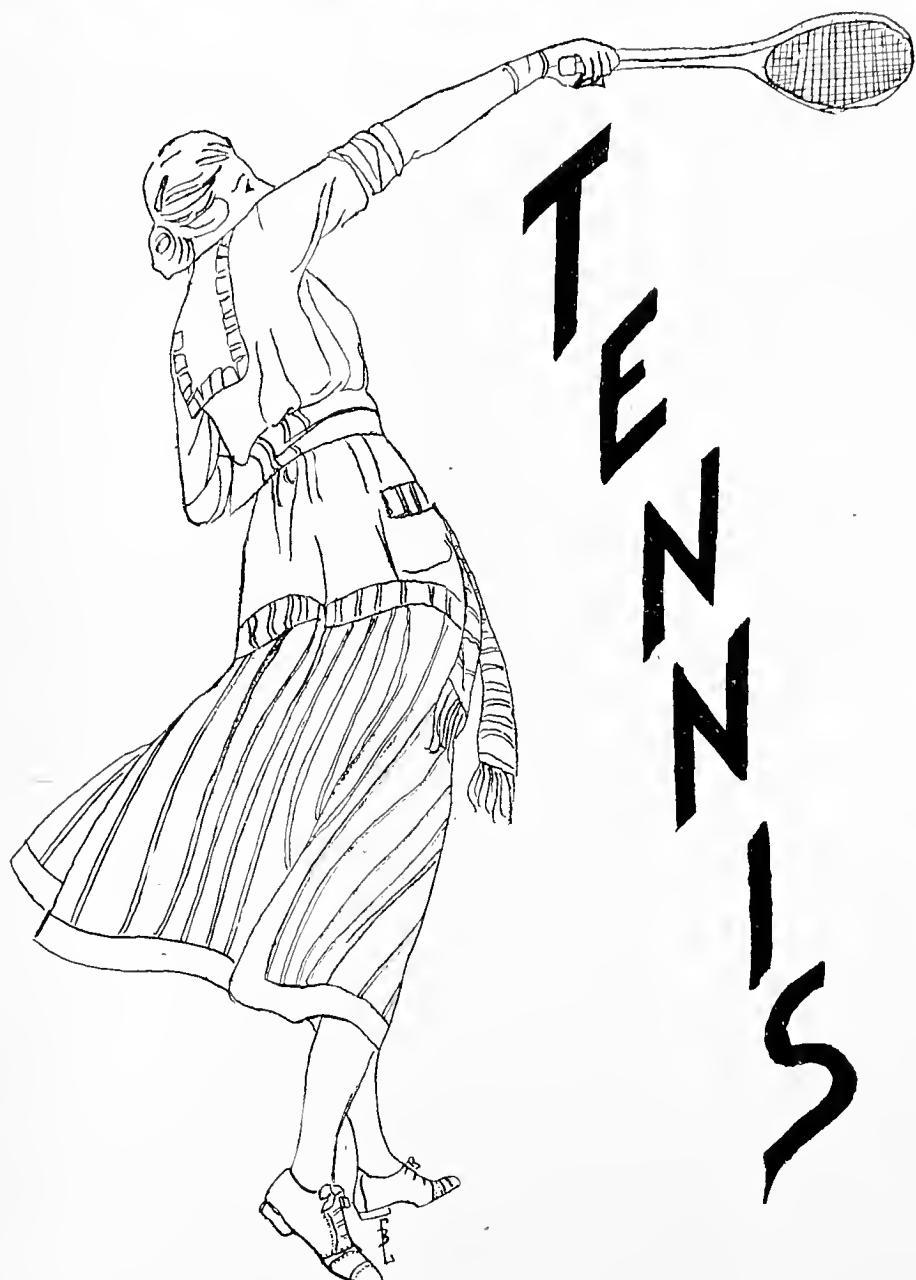




Freshman Team

ANN MURDAUGH	<i>Goal</i>
LOUISE BEARD	<i>Guard</i>
HELEN CHAMBLEE	<i>Center</i>
NANCY EVANS	<i>Center</i>
GLADYS DUGAN	<i>Goal</i>
SUE MAE HERLONG	<i>Guard</i>







"The Whizzers"

COLORS: *Gray and Crimson*

MOTTO: "*Safety First*"

YELL: "*Skyrocket!*"

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GOODE BURTON	MATTIE MAYFIELD	EMILY SULLIVAN





"The Champions"

COLORS: *Green and Gold*

AIM: *To strike love*

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ANNIE LAURIE DUGAN	Manager

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GLADYS DUGAN	MARTHA OWINGS	EDNA SUMMERALL
MARGARET EVANS	BESSIE PRUITT	HELEN WILLIS





"The Humdingers"

COLORS: *Scarlet and Gold*

PASSWORD: "*Buzz 'em*"

PLACE OF MEETING: *On the court*

OFFICERS

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MAUDE TRULUCK Secretary-Treasurer

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ESSIE COOK	HAZEL PRUITT	MAUDE TRULUCK
BLANCHE DALRYMPLE		ANNE WELLBORNE





The Ball-Room

The dew-empurpled silences,
Come now, embracing all
The glory of the sunset sky—
The shadowed pine tree tall,

The passing day gives backward glance,
In dying amethyst;
The low moon lies emerald fair
In arms of silver mist.

The distance of the lake falls calm,
A glint—a shallow here
Sends back a single wandered beam
To linger on the mere,

The faint gleam dances lightly down
On fairies' mossy green,
And almost smiles, enchanted there
With new abode serene,

A lightsome presence now pervades
The sleeping depths of night,
And sweetest fairy laughter plays
Along the shores of Wight.

Of all the wonders then performed,
No human tongue can tell,
For even shaded stars above
Are 'neath the magic spell.

M. R., '17.





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LOIS STANFORD }

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JANET BOLT }

HAZEL PRUITT { Advertising Managers
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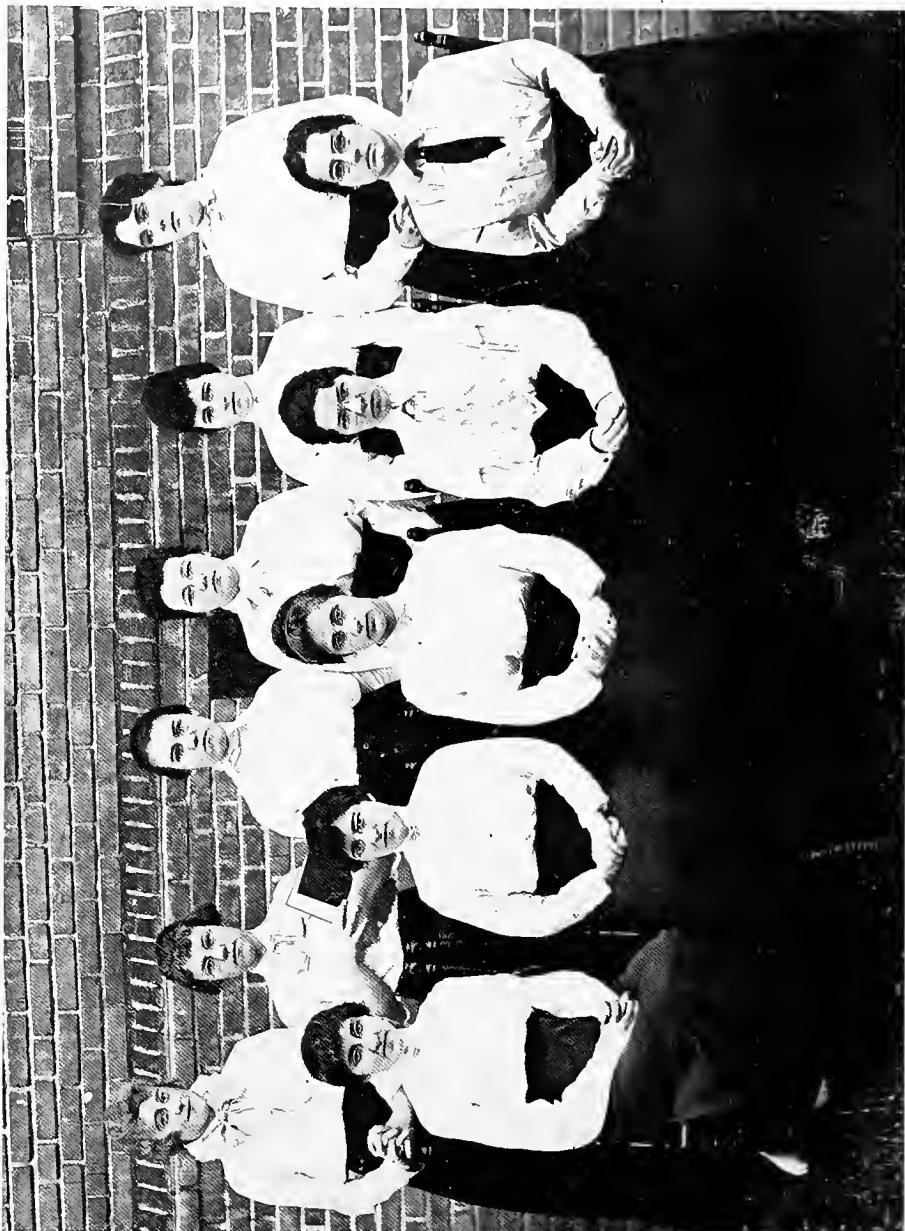


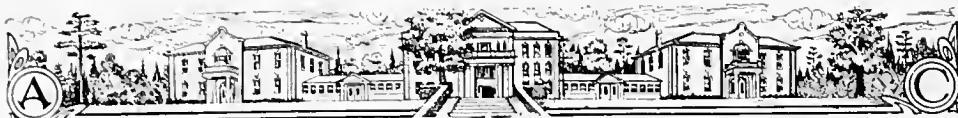


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AIKEN	ANDERSON
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BOWIE	
DALE MILLER	
ANN	

GLADYS { WHITE
DUGAN
CHAMBLEE





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CARO GEER
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MARY ABRAMS

INA CARTEE
GLADYS CHAMBLEE

BRUCIE OWINGS
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JANIE STEWART
CLEMMLIA WALKER





The Surest Senior

WILMA ERVIN



The Jolliest Junior

CLARA COOK



The Most Sophisticated Sophomore

CARO GEER



The Freshest Freshman

VIRGINIA WATKINS





"Pretty is, as pretty does," they say,
Then *Ann* must be good the livelong day,
For the *prettiest* she is, we all have said
And we've dubbed Ann "The Nut Brown Maid"

Witty sayings by the pack;
So funny "*Sal*" is, you'd call her a jack.
Clever as ever a Senior can be,
A more *original* girl you'll never see.

She's an artist, she's a dancer,
She's a jack of every trade,
But she's good at one, and we vote *Louise*
Our *most attractive* maid.

"*Em's*" the cutest little hard-head
That we have ever seen;
She can mock "*Paul's wife*" to a finish—
I tell you—she's a scream!

Lois dear, be careful
With your eyes of dazzling blue.
Use them not so often
To be a *flirting thru.*

Who's starring in our basketball?
Who's starring! Can't you see?
Our *athlete, Annie Laurie*,
Makes them all "lie down and dee".





Tango, lame duck and maxixe,
"Jules'" can do them all and each.
Slender *dancer* all a smile,
She beats Irene Castle a mile.

The *best all-round* we've called *Marie*,
But look at her picture
And sure you'll see
The "most all round" is *Marie*.

Silks, satins and furbelows,
Ribbons, sashes and pretty bows;
Gage hats, Rawaks, also Fripp,
Plumes, feathers and ostrich tips;
Skirts, dresses, coats and shoes,
"Jule's has a ton she's never used,
She gets 'em from New York and Paris as well,
She's the dainty, *best dressed* demoiselle.

When she passes you by,
Tho' you grunt and you sigh,
Martha greets you with a smile.
She's sweet to us all,
Short, tall, fat and small,
Oh, *Martha's* just *sweet* all the while.

'Tis great to be so learned,
'Tis fine to know so much;
We call *Mary* *most intellectual*,
For we know her to be such.

It's *Wilma* here, and *Wilma* there,
She's always in demand.
She's the *most popular* of us all
The Leader of our Band.





Two Days

MORNING, 'Celia, come right in, if you can get in; you know my room is always a fright, but—oh gee! a letter for me?

"Good, good! ain't that great, tho', and it's a birthday letter, I bet, or a Valentine, 'cause it's my birthday today, and I'm eighteen—oh, I bet it's from—oh, don't hurry off 'Celia dear, it's not a *special*, I reckon. Well, come back to see me sometime, dear. Thank you so much for bringing my letter." "And now," continued Beryl, "I will read you my dear, adorable letter, 'cause I know you are a *special*, and from dear old Jan, now ain't he the best ever?"

"Why, it was only last February that he sent me that lovely little gold card-case, and I was only sixteen, too! My! he's been liking me quite a spell—I—oh Beryl Dickins! shut your eyes and guess what's fallin' out of that envelope! If it ain't a ring! a real amethyst ring, you may slap my face; now ain't Jan an angel! I'd just love to kiss him for it right now, he is such a—sh! somebody's comin' in—goodness!"

An old-fashioned teapot, with a large round spout stood on the table. It was a queer piece of antiquity given to Beryl by her grandmother. She had brought it with her when she came to Stanley College two years ago, and it had been a staunch friend to Beryl in time of tea ever since.

Into the mouth of that brown spout went Jan's letter, also Jan's lovely ring, just as the door opened, and Mert and Dell came bursting in with news of the feast that was to be held that night in Ethel Dort's room.

Now folks may say that Beryl was quite conscious of where she put her letter and ring, and that this story is all a joke, but I beg you to refrain from referring to your psychological lore—and believe with me for a little while, that Beryl really was unconscious of her actions, and really couldn't remember where she had put the letter and ring, for that's what *really* did happen. It is not so strange, or extraordinary, anyway. Why, I have known people, especially old people who wore spectacles, to look the whole house over in search of their supposedly lost "glasses," and at the end of the search, have someone inform them that their vision-promoting agent was calmly resting on their forehead. Yes.

So Beryl lost her ring and letter. Beryl cried, of course, but it didn't produce the lost property. I might add that she searched every nook and corner of her room: "nothin' doin'!"

It isn't very pleasant to lose a gift at any time, and especially when you know that in just two days, you are going to stand before the giver, who happens to be a person you like very much. Oh gee! such a thought is a stunner, it was to Beryl. For she knew that in just two days she would be at home preparing for her Valentine tea party, that mother had promised her Christmas, as a birthday present, there being only two days between her birthday and Valentine day. The facts stood out plain and daring. On the 14th of February, there was Jan to face with excuses and explanations. Oh, it was horrible!

She could say that she had not received any mail from him, but he would have it traced, and well—anyway Beryl wasn't that kind. Oh, she would have to say





the bare, ugly thing—she had lost it. What would he think of her? Oh, what would he! And she did so much want Jan to think well of her! Oh, she wished there wasn't any old birthdays and Valentine days anyway; but wishing didn't do any good.

It was a sad little Beryl girl that left Stanley College on the 4:50 train, February 13th. Not at all the bright, dashing Beryl that had come back on the 3rd of January, to begin a happy New Year.

The train seemed to go awfully fast. Somehow she dreaded going home. She was so afraid Jan would meet her at the station.

Jan would have been there, if he could have had his way, but *Fords* will have their way sometimes, and it happened that Jan's Ford had decided to stop on the way, and divulge its secrets and trouble to the tender, clinging heart of a great mud hole.

So Beryl reached home in safety. Beryl's mother had the home in beautiful order. In the parlor were swinging loops of tiny red hearts, with a tiny cupid peeping from the center of each loop. Great bowls of blooming hyacinths were betrayed by the rich perfume that filled the room. These were Beryl's favorite flowers, and her mother had them as a surprise for Beryl.

That night Beryl went to bed and did something she had not done for three nights—she slept soundly. She did not even dream of the lost ring and letter.

The next day she was busy preparing the refreshments she was to serve that night. She made dainty heart-shaped sandwiches and little pink and white cakes.

Late in the afternoon, while Beryl was in the parlor arranging little fortune bags, filled with fruits and mints, around in conspicuous places, to be found by the guests, her mother called from the kitchen, "Oh, Beryl, did you bring your teapot home? We will need it, you know, to serve tea."

"Yes, mother, and I had most forgotten about it. I will get it in a minute. It's in my suit case. I knew we would need it, so I brought it along."

The minute lengthened into an hour before Beryl again thought of the teapot. Three or four guests had already arrived, but she slipped away, and running to her room, found the delayed teapot, and was soon in the kitchen filling it with hot tea. Her task performed, she placed it with the other refreshments on the little sewing table in the dining-room and ran back to the parlor to welcome three other guests who had just come. Jan had not yet arrived, and Beryl was secretly hoping he would not come at all, yet she knew she was hoping in vain.

Eight o'clock, eight-thirty, nine, and still no Jan.

Plainly it was time to serve the tea.

Beryl led the way into the dining-room with a thankful heart, and shaking knees. But, oh, she did want to see Jan!

"Bessie, you and Joe will find your places at the end of the table. Lucy, you and Jack here at my right. You will all find your places by looking at your place cards."

"And whose place is that reserved there by you, Beryl? You're not going to eat alone, are you?" teased Jack Dess.

"That's all right, Mr. Dess, you sit there by Lucy. I am ready to pour the tea now."





"Sure, and we are waiting, hungry as—" Irish James Mahon was interrupted by the ringing of the door bell.

"I bet that's Jan right now. Watch Beryl blush! Gee! Wish I had someone to blush for me," sighed Clarence Kent.

Beryl, in her excitement, had started to pour the tea, but mind you, that tea would *not pour*. No! Horrors upon horrors, surely she had had enough trouble without this added embarrassment. But still no tea came.

Oh my; no wonder; why what's that in the spout? Paper? A letter; good heavens; her ring and letter! Just in time, too, for Jan was that moment hanging his cap in the hall. Beryl, child, slip that ring on your finger and swallow the letter. Now, there, that's it. Well, that's all right, stick it in your belt, now! Goody! Goody! Good!

"Oh, I'm so glad to see you, Jan, I thought you weren't coming; why so late? You may have me for a partner. Now don't you feel honored?" Beryl rattled on, not giving him time to answer, her throat getting warm and red all the while.

"Surest thing you know, I feel honored. But say, you didn't give me your hand when you said 'Hello!'" Jan said in a tone of inquiry.

"Well, then, I will give it to you now," Beryl laughed, her composure fast asserting itself.

"Hello, Jan, I am perfectly delighted to see you," she said in a mock, ceremonious tone. "How's that?"

"I am satisfied, I guess," replied Jan. He had only wanted to see if she was wearing his ring, and she knew it.

Her heart was singing a happy little tune as she again led the way with Jan into the dining-room.

This time the tea came gladly.

Everybody attributed the new gaiety and joyous hilarity, that entered with Jan, to Jan himself, but the little brown teapot knew better. "I did it, I did it, I did it" it sang as the hot tea gurgled from its spout.

Eleven-fifteen that night:

"Beryl, dear does that teapot belong to you or your mother," Jan is asking.

"It's mine," answered Beryl. "Why?"

"Well, I'm very glad, it will be so nice for us to have to go to housekeeping w—"

"Jan! who said we—"

Hush darling, of course we are when you finish school, why I thought you knew that all—"

"Jan you've got to leave this house this instant, you can't stay another min—I—oh Jan, please don't—what?—yes, I guess so; please—Umhum—m."

Slamb! bang! ch—ch—ch—chug—chug—chug.—

N. W., '19.





He That Loseth

FOR the first time in his life, Jean lay on his back and regarded the stars. He did not know that they had been called the poetry of Heaven; nor, knowing, would he have understood. They drew his eyes because they looked so calm and peaceful, and because they were new to him. There was a tiny one right over his head that he liked especially; it winked at him in such a friendly way, as if for his amusement, that once a faint smile crossed his face. A smile was almost a stranger to Jean's face, and when it fled so quickly, the rough features were brought into startling prominence; the gray, peering eyes, almost green in the half-darkness; the long nose, crooked just a little at the bridge; the matted, uncut hair, which matched in color the thick black beard hiding the thin-lipped mouth and receding chin; and, running diagonally along the left cheek, a white scar. If you repeated this description to a citizen in a certain little village, Barree, adding that the shoulders were stooped, the arms long, hands and feet very big, you would be informed that it "most certainly was Jean Moireau." Yes, the shopkeeper. And—ah—citizen! mind when you go there. Jean is but an upstart—came from the streets. He believes nobody, he watches one, he weighs too closely. Eh! not one jot would he give! Still—he is poor, and precious little does he make from the shop. He lives in one room behind—allows none else to enter—only the saints know how he does get along. And his eyes, M'sieu,—keener than an eagle's. The scar," and he would trace on his own left cheek the direction taken by Jean's scar, "—he received the blow in a fight with someone who tried to steal. What a fight it was! Jean killed him, too." Then your friend, the citizen, would go on his way thinking how completely he had outlined Jean's character for you.

Now, Jean's little shop in Barree was closed. Not for six months had he rung coins on the counter to see whether they were genuine. And he was lying out here on the edge of this great shadowy forest not far from the dusty road that wound over the hill in the distance and lost itself somewhere on the other side. And he was looking at the stars. It did seem that he ought to get up and go home, or to some place where the night dew would not fall on him. But you see Jean's back was hurt, and he *must* lie where he was. Yesterday he had wrenches it badly doing some trenching that must be completed in a very short time; but thinking it would soon stop hurting, he had mentioned it to no one. Today it had seemed better, until a little while ago, when he stumbled, rolled down a knoll and found that he could not get up. It pained him so that he finally realized the necessity of having some diversion. First, he tried digging little holes in the loose sand within easy reach of his big hairy fists; but the twisting somehow got to his back and made it worse than ever.

Then his roving glance was caught and held by the tiny, twinkling star. He watched it, and the next one and the next one and on and on until he gasped to behold what myriads shone in the Heavens; so he kept on looking. Anything to keep his eyes away from the ground! For the road was strewn with men—men who once were tall and strong and brave, but who now lay motionless. Jean, for all his natural indifference, could not bear to think of them. Yes, Jean had come to war. Why? Even Jean himself hardly knew. Perhaps it was because trade was getting very, very poor; perhaps because he knew he would soon have to give up the little





shop; perhaps—oh, any reason would do. The thing was that he was here and he saw no way out. At first he had felt sure that the surgeons would find him and these other men right away; but the fierce battle had drawn the army further on and deeper into the small wilderness, and nobody came. There was now not a sound, not an echo of firing, the rushing of many feet had ceased and all was still—so still Jean wanted to wear his very lungs out shouting; but after the first few feeble attempts he gave up, for it racked his body sorely. He thought though, that morning would see him cared for comfortably so he lay still and tried, since he could do nothing else, to be patient. And the stars helped a great deal. He became interested in the varied "colors," the different sorts of twinkles, the fascinatingly odd groups in which they were arranged.

Always, however, his eyes came back to rest on the small friendly one, which was in the very center of the heavens. It must know just how he felt; anyway, he was pleased to think that it did. The star reminded him of something—something vague and elusive that he would not define. What was it? In his search he went over the only ground that belonged to him—his past life. Certainly it was nowhere in the last thirty years. That had been one eternal, endless drudge and fight for existence. His thoughts jumped to his childhood. No, nothing there. He could not remember a mother; far, far back in his mind there was the faintest picture of an old lady; but his most vivid memories were of hard whippings, and nights spent in empty boxes out on the streets—he wondered now how he had ever lived through it all. Boyhood had been—wait, wait! here it was! What was that going along a great white street one day and seeing—oh yes! he saw a tall handsome youth in the uniform of France. That was it. For days the figure of the young soldier stayed before him and made him want to be straight, strong, and worthy to wear such clothes and such a medal, which someone said, was given for the saving of a comrade. Slowly, gradually, however, it all faded, and he was, as before, the common streeturchin forced to "look out" for himself. And now, he knew not why, this star, so far above everything and yet so friendly to a poor fellow, brought back the picture of the soldier.

This introspection was unusual for Jean and wearying. He closed his eyes and tried to sleep. But sleep would not come. Jean discovered that his throat was rough and dry. There was no water. What should he do? He attempted to forget by winking back at the star, but every minute his tongue felt larger and rougher, his throat smaller and drier. He moved his arms, so the pain in his back would make thirst seem insignificant; and a triumphant feeling was his when his left arm, outstretched, nearly touched his head. There lay his reward—a canvas canteen. Cautionily, carefully, lest the mouth might be open and let any water out, he brought it closer, shaking it gently. Yes! he could hear the water "slosh—sloshing" against the sides. He removed the cork and lifted the canteen to his burning mouth.

"Water—water—" there came a faint groan before Jean had time to feel the cool water trickle down his throat. He lowered the canvas vessel.

"Who is it?" his gruff voice asked.

"It is—I,—Pierre," answered the voice on Jean's left. "Oh, give me water."

"I can't," said Jean. "My back is hurt and I can't reach you." Again he lifted the canteen—but the sight of the star stopped him. Its twinkle seemed to be saying, "Think! Think! Think!" He answered it angrily. Why should he have





to think about anything when he was almost dying for a drink of water? It was not *his* fault that Pierre was wounded and wanted water. Why should *he* have to care for anyone but himself? He looked away, but the star was persistent—he could see it from the corner of his eye no matter how he turned his head. And it kept saying "Think! Think!" until Jean, almost against his will, acknowledged that one day Pierre had befriended him. Jean had never known what it was to have a friend—he was as stingy with his "likes" as he was generous with his "dislikes"—and when Pierre was kind; Jean did not understand.

His rebellious thoughts were checked, his eyes widened and fixed themselves on the star. It was taking the form of a round, yellow thing—finally he recognized it as a flashing disc, a medal! Just such a medal as the soldier wore so proudly. Jean's old desire came back to him, all the stronger for its long rest. Perhaps there was enough water for both of them—they would both be saved, and Jean would have a golden ornament fastened on his breast—for saving a comrade. Listening attentively he gave the canteen a little shake; the throaty gurgle made him think it was about half full. Now, the question was, who should have the first drink? Naturally he thought of himself. But then, suppose he should start and not be able to stop until it was all gone? Pierre would die, and the chance of winning the medal would be lost. He might give it to Pierre first, for he could keep *him* from drinking too much; then, too, he himself would enjoy the water all the more for having waited.

His mind made up, he set about rising. He braced his arm as best he could and started to get up, leaning on it, but his back seemed broken right in the middle and it could not stand the strain. He fell back. The canteen dropped; the water poured out on the ground. With alarm Jean saw; the pain was excruciating but he turned over, reaching for the water with his tongue. It was of no use. The ground was even drier than his throat, and it drank greedily. Again he sank back; he raised his eyes to the star and, though he did not know it, prayed. With a sudden hope he grasped the canteen and shook it again. Yes, there was the finest crystal murmur. But as its coolness neared his parched lips, he remembered Pierre.

There was another struggle. No man can describe what went on in poor Jean's mind. It was a fight between the two sides of his nature, and he had been hardly acquainted with even one. He realized that there was to be no medal. He must decide now which, Jean or Pierre, was to live. Perhaps he thought the nurses would find them in a little while; perhaps he hated the idea of going back to the old, sordid, relentless life; perhaps—perhaps indeed the tiny germ of—shall we call it so?—divinity, which lies at the bottom of every man's soul whether dormant or active, came to life in Jean.

Crawling more slowly than a snail, painfully pulling his wretched body over the blinding, choking dust, he reached Pierre. Pierre's eyes were closed, his teeth clinched. Jean managed somehow to force open the mouth and pour in the precious draught. Then he lay face downward, his head on his arm, and groaned. The star was not a medal now, but a *real* cross of glory, a thing most wonderful in its quivering life and dazzling brilliancy. Once he rolled over and saw it.

In the morning they found Pierre, weak but alive. He would not leave, he said, until they cared for Jean and made him comfortable. They found Jean and beheld on his face a peaceful, almost joyful half-smile. Jean was comfortable. He understood.

M. R., '17.





Jane Arrives

A ONE-ACT PLAY

LOUISE HENLEY A pretty society girl
JANE FANTAM A friend of Louise
JIM BLAKE Louise's favorite cousin

ACT I

TIME: In the morning.

SCENE: Attractive sitting-room in house of Louise.

(Enters Louise C. with several letters.)

LOUISE: "Six letters, but I'll bet there's not an exciting bit of news in one of them. (Skips over to chair by table and proceeds to open eagerly.) Well (disgustedly) as little Jane Fantam used to say: 'This is the messiest mass of mail the mail-carrier ever fothched.' Little Jane! She certainly was a bad little rascal and well deserved the apt name of 'Bantam' which we gave her on account of her size and because of the rhyme of Bantam Fantam. When she would strut around that college acting so independent and playing the most audacious pranks on everyone, she was surely an exact representation of that small and amusing fowl. Oh! dearie me, how dull everything is. I wish something exciting would happen."

(Enter maid.)

MAID: "A telegram, Miss."

LOUISE: "Oh, Betsy, how you startled me! I was looking for excitement and I guess I've found it. Why (reads) 'Dear Louise: May drop in on you about Tuesday on my way home from auntie's. JANE.'"

MAID: "She means next Tuesday, of course, ma'm?"

LOUISE: "That mischievous child! How odd, I was just thinking of her. This makes only twice I've heard from her since school was out, and that's a year ago now. The dear child, how glad I'll be to talk over old times, for I'm very fond of 'Bantam,' in spite of her—well, her homeliness. Oh, Betsy, what was that you said a few moments ago?"

MAID: "I said, it was next Tuesday, she meant, of course, instead of today, ma'm?"

LOUISE: "Did she say Tuesday? (Looks at telegram) Why, yes, she did! Oh, Betsy, no; that harum scarum Jane would never telegraph a week ahead that she was coming. That Tuesday means today, and (glancing at clock) it's 11:10 now, and her train is almost due. Run as fast as you can, Betsy, and tell James to have the car around to the front at once. Hurry, I've just five minutes to meet that train."

MAID: "It's too bad, ma'm, but you know your mother went out in the car this very morning and won't be back until dinner."

LOUISE: "Yes, yes, of course, I remember. Oh, Jane, Jane! That abominable child! Why didn't she let me know sooner? Perhaps Jim would—he's such a dear, that is he's a perfect Chesterfield to a pretty attractive girl, but a regular old





bear to those not so blest with feminine charms. I fully realize, if there is anything in the world that Jimmy can't abide, it is a homely girl, and if there is anything he simply loves, it is a pretty one. But, he might just this once. I'll try, anyway. (Runs over to the table and picks up receiver.) 439. Hello! Oh, is that you, Jim? What luck! I want you to do a favor for me. No, it's not hard at all. It's very easy and—pleasant. I want you to meet a college friend of mine, who has arrived unexpectedly. (Unseen by Louise, a young girl appears in doorway, not exactly beautiful, but one of the most attractive and petite figures imaginable.) How silly, Jim, to be sure, she's a strange girl, but you are not usually afraid of them. No, she isn't especially pretty and isn't attractive to boys in the least. (The slender girl across the room smoothers a giggle.) She doesn't like boys, you see, but if you'll just meet her for me, I'll give you ever so many dates with Sarah Denton, who is going to visit me next week. She's a raving beauty and you'll be crazy about—"

JANE (catching Louise by the shoulders, laughing): "Not another word about your company. You needn't think you can make me jealous, for I know you don't like that stuck-up Sarah Denton as much as you do me, even if she is a raving beauty. She's a "raving" one all right. Don't look so dumbfounded, Louise. As there was no one to meet me, I, happening to remember your address, took a jitney and here I am! Dear me, don't let old acquaintance be forgot in such a manner. Why, you haven't even kissed me, my darling old 'erushie.' "

LOUISE (embracing her heartily): "You dear child, how can you expect me to act natural, when one whom you have been accustomed to seeing with her hair in flying pig-tails suddenly appears before you in the form of the most fascinating of stylish young ladies? Is it really you, Bantam?"

JANE (taking off her hat and making herself at home generally): "Yessum, it is. And it's likely to be from now on, amen. I really don't think I've changed in the least. Of course, I came out this winter; that might make a difference. You don't have to be so very affected. I rather like it; the coming out, I mean. I shock the society dames occasionally, but on the whole it's great fun. Oh, look at this; it's one of the latest. (Dances across the room.) Hasn't it a marked similarity to the one we danced around the barn fire at school? You remember, don't you?"

LOUISE: "Well, I guess I do. If I hadn't clear forgotten Jimmy!" (Picks up the receiver): Hello! Hello! Oh, he's gone; but no matter, he's such a naughty boy he needs a little discipline now and then. Now, Bantam, I know you are tired and hungry and I'm going to bring you tea and cakes, because it's a full hour before dinner. Now, don't object."

JANE (contentedly): "All of your fears are without foundation, my dear. I wouldn't object for the world."

(Exit Louise.)

(Jane gets up, walks over to fireplace and smiles to herself; then laughs outright): "Oh, it is good that 'me mither and fither were Irish,' and I was blessed with a sense of humor, otherwise I might be floating around in a flood of tears for having heard such 'flattering' remarks made about my form and face. But they





say there are 'exceptions to all rules,' and to that wise person who endeavored to lay down as a law that 'truth hurts,' Jane Bantam Fantam would like to say that it has never yet caused her a pain."

(Enter young man hurriedly, with motor cap in hand, looking very frustrated.)

JANE (continuing): "No, Miss Louise Henley, try as you will, you can't make me mad—why, good morning."

JIM: "Er—good morning!"

JANE (composedly): "Oh, are you the chauffeur?"

JIM: "I may look like it, but it just happens that I'm not. May I introduce myself? I'm Jim Blake, Louise's 'towniest' cousin, and I suppose you are Miss Sarah Denton. I'm very glad to know you, Miss Denton, I've heard Louise speak of you quite often."

JANE (trying hard to keep from laughing): "I am so glad to know you, Mr. Blake. I assure you I have heard Louise speak of you quite often."

JIM: "Louise was expecting a curious, homely little person called Jane Fantam to arrive today, but I'm glad you came instead. I had been shaking in my boots at having to talk to the creature."

JANE: "I don't blame you; she certainly is a homely little piece."

JIM: "You know her, then?"

JANE: "Well, slightly."

JIM: "From what I gathered from Louise's hurried words over the 'phone, she's not in the least attractive."

JANE (with great decision): "No, not in the least."

JIM: "Do you suppose I had better meet her? How in the name's sake, am I to know when she is to arrive?"

JANE: "I'll call Louise."

JIM: "Oh, never mind. I don't suppose she even said when she was coming. Girls never do, you know. I say, this is awfully pleasant, Miss Denton."

JANE: "Why, Mr. Blake, of course Louise knows what train her company is coming on. If someone doesn't meet her, the poor child will have to hire a car to come up. I've just done that, and it certainly is abominable."

JIM (slyly): "Well, you evidently didn't take the trouble to write when you should arrive."

JANE: "No, I didn't, but you see, I'm rather harum scarum myself."

JIM: "That's all right; so am I. By the way, how did you happen to arrive a week ahead of time?"

JANE: "Well, you see I—"

(Enter Louise.)

LOUISE: "Come, drink this nice hot tea, J— Why, hello Jim, I'm so glad you and my visitor are getting acquainted."

JIM: "Yes, Miss Denton and I certainly have made each other's acquaintance. (Louise looks puzzled, and Jane makes frantic signs to keep quiet.) By the way, when do you want to meet that Jane-girl? Don't forget what you promised about dates."

LOUISE: "Jim—er—Jane isn't coming at all."





JIM: "Hurrah! Honest, Louise, I hated to meet that girl, Jane Fantam; even her name sounds harsh and stern, doesn't it?" (Girls laugh, Jane very amused.)

JANE: "Mr. Blake, will you hand me my pocket-book, I really must have my handkerchief."

JIM (pompously picking up purse, thus opening bag and scattering the contents all over the floor): "What a blunderbuss I am!" (Shoveling things back in bag) Why! (picks up card and reads:) 'Miss Jane Fantam.'"

JANE: "Yes, that's me."

JIM (thoroughly dumfounded): "Well (sinking weakly into a chair and staring dazedly and idiotically at the girls) Why! What! (then as if suddenly awaking to what he has done): Then what is the —— have I done?"

(Both girls laugh until they are overcome. Then Jane pretends to become indignant, walks to window and stands with back towards wall.)

JIM (almost recovered): "Well, that was a nice trick to play on a good-natured fellow like me, I must say. But honest, Miss Lenton—Miss Fantam, I do beg you to forgive me. I assure you I did not mean a word of anything I said."

(Jane still has her back turned and Jim looks helplessly at Louise).

LOUISE (suppressing a smile): "You are delightfully penitent, Jim, but Jane will have to speak for herself."

JIM (going up to Jane): "Won't you, Miss Fantam? You see, I had the wrong impression and didn't understand, and after all it was Louise's fault. How about it? Don't you think I am repentent enough? I am thoroughly willing to suffer any penalty you may inflict, for I am aware I have committed a most heinous crime."

JANE (slowly turns and though she speaks with dignity, a roguish smile plays about her mouth): "Yes, Mr. Blake, we will forgive you this once, provided you promise to be nice to every girl, whether she be fair or whether she be just a homely little thing."

JIM (grinning broadly): "If all the ugly ones are as pretty as Louise's ugly one, then you have my promise. And Louise I guess you can just transfer all those dates for Miss Denton to some more anxious swain. Henceforth I pledge myself a staunch and loyal subject in the service of homely maidens."

E. S., '19.





Cupid or Fate?

THE lone traveler paused a moment, looking about him, and then sat down on the large rock near the road. He gazed dreamily at the lovely scene unrolled before him; peak after peak stretched away in the distance, until they became masses of a hazy blue. The traveler evidently was one used to surroundings far different from these; his well-fitting khaki suit, tan leggins and khaki hat, branded him a stranger in these parts. Too, his physical makeup was not of the brawny type of the mountaineer; he was tall and thin, with a face, pale and tired looking, that seemed to call for slightly gray hair, instead of the thick dark locks that could be seen beneath his soft hat; his grey eyes were the kind that see everything at a glance, and understand a situation in a moment.

He removed a kodak from a case hanging from his shoulder, and took several pictures of the scenes around him; then he looked at his watch, gave a surprised exclamation at the lateness of the hour, picked up his stout stick, and started on up the mountain, following the unusually well-kept road that wound up the mountain.

He had not gone far when he heard the faint roar of a motor; soon a bright-yellow roadster rounded the curve, and came towards him. He didn't feel like talking to anyone just then, and would have stepped aside into the woods or behind a boulder, but the roadside, just at that point, was perfectly bare, and he had nothing to do but walk on. He heard the car draw nearer and nearer, with no signs of slowing down, and he had hopes that the driver would not offer him a seat, as he much preferred being let alone. As the auto seemed ready to pass him, he heard the brakes grinding, and the car came to a stop right at his side. A cheery voice called out: "Have a lift?"

He turned and looked into the brown eyes of a laughing girl. He was so surprised at the driver being a girl, and such a bold, laughing girl, that, for a moment, he did not reply.

"Oh, you need not be afraid; I'll promise not to kidnap you or let any outlaws catch you," she taunted.

At last, he recovered himself, and accepted the offered seat like a Chesterfield. In a moment she had the little yellow roadster speeding along at a good pace.

"On your way to Pleasant Inn?" she asked, without even looking at him.

"No! I didn't even know there's such a place as that," he responded. "Where is it? What sort of place—I suppose you are staying there?"

"It's about the only resort up this way," evading his question. "Where are you going, then?"

"That's just what I want to know. I felt like a hike and just up and left, not caring much where I'd land. Fate's been mighty kind to me, though. Yesterday I happened on a lot of campers who gave me a jolly good time and a fine bed. I expected to sleep on the ground. Then I expected to have to walk all the way up this steep mountain, but you came along and picked me up, so I'll not worry so long as Fate is taking care of me," and he thought to himself that it wasn't so bad





after all, having to talk to someone, especially when that someone was a brown-eyed, jolly girl. He wanted to get a better look at her, but found it difficult to do, since they were seated so close together. She was bareheaded, and had on a "good-looking" sweater, a big yellow sweater with a large white "C" on it. He wondered where she got it, and imagined some handsome college chap had given it to her. It must be a Catawba sweater, those were the right colors. He knew lots of the Catawba boys, and decided on several of his chums who might have been her admirer; perhaps he'd heard them mention her. This thought reminded him that he didn't know her name, so he set about to find it, if he could.

"Do you live at Pleasant Inn?" he asked again.

"No! that's a beastly place. We have a little shack up on Silver Lake where we spend summers. Pleasant Inn's nothing to our Happy Hollow. I wish we could live up here year in and year out; and I'm going to, too, just as soon as I finish school. See if I don't!" she challenged.

"What school are you in?" followed quite naturally.

"Hale College, near Louisville. Know anybody there?" she asked, at his surprised exclamation.

"Well, I should say so. Fact, I thought I knew 'em all, but I guess I was mistaken. Do you know Lalla Carlisle?"

"Should think I ought to; we've chummed a year or so. Guess you've heard her speak of me." She had to give most of her attention to the car, which was running a little too fast to suit her companion, at least. He noticed her smile rather oddly when she answered his question.

"Well," he began, "you see, I don't know who you are, yet."

A peal of laughter rang out, and she exclaimed, "The idea! how foolish of me! I know you've heard her speak of—." Just then the car, going too fast around the curve, spun about on two wheels, skidded, and for an instant seemed determined to plunge over the precipice on the other side of the road. In a flash, she had the car under control, and, with a nervous laugh, asked: "I didn't promise you not to dump you down a precipice, did I?"

He was still wondering how she had managed it, and did not hear her question. Soon they had taken another curve, and directly before them was a small, white cottage. The girl blew the whistle and out of the house came three other girls, racing toward the car. On seeing that she was not alone, they stopped suddenly, their faces filled with wonder.

"Come on, girls, see what I've found—a real man. Come on, I'll introduce you, though I'm sure, I—"

She was interrupted by one of the girls, who came running to meet them, exclaiming, "Brownie! what in the world are you doing up here? Why, I didn't know you even knew Jill."

And Dr. Browne, equally astonished, exclaimed, "Lalla! you up here! and is that Jill, the one you used to talk about all the time?"

"Yes, that's old Jill, and these are Virginia Craft and Kathryn Hill. May I ask how Jill happened to find you?" she continued.





"Lal, don't you remember that day Dr. Browne was at Hale last year, and I saw him at the station, ready to leave, just as I came back from home?" explained Jill. "Well, I recognized him when I saw him back yonder on the road, and I decided to have some fun. Come on, let's find mother, and show her our 'sommling'!"

The laughing party went on toward the house, all talking, asking questions and giving explanations at the same time.

"Phil, I thought you were too busy to leave and take a stroll in the mountains. Why you've not even had time to answer my letters," chided Lalla.

"That's just the trouble. I've been too busy. That epidemic of fever in town nearly wore me to a frazzle, and I had to prescribe a hike for myself. I didn't know I was to be a guest at a house-party, or I'd have brought along my suit-case, I'm sure," he explained.

Conversation lagged for a moment, then Lalla began. "Phil, don't you remember Virginia? She's the one you said you'd not like to fight with."

Dr. Browne burst into a laugh. "Are you the suffragette? The one that stood on the steps and poured forth the why's and wherefore's of woman suffrage into the ears of innocent Freshmen?"

With that, Virginia "turned loose" and she and the young doctor kept the subject going until Lalla and Kathryn, later followed by Jill, grew tired and slipped away; kept it up even until dinner was announced, and were not then willing to stop, had not the other three flatly refused to come to the table until the debaters promised not to "fuss" any more, but to act like sensible people, at least during the meal.

While at the table, Lalla monopolized the conversation with the young man, with recollections of former days with other friends—dances, gay parties, picnics, etc.

"I've got to where such things don't interest me much now," said Browne; "for a pleasant evening, I like to read and smoke—guess I'm getting old and set in my ways," he laughed.

"Well, if you'll just come up home for a week or so, I'll change you," declared Lalla.

After dinner they decided to go out on the lake for a while; it was so much fun to be on the lake at night, especially on a moonlight night like this. The quiet, but far-sighted Kathryn, remembering that the small motorboat held only four persons, excused herself, saying that she just must write letters, and she would stay with Mrs. Barton, Jill's mother.

Soon, the four came out, loaded with pillows and wraps, and went on down to the lake, leaving Kitty and Mrs. Barton on the veranda. They all got into the boat, packed pillows around them, started the motor, and the boat, guided by Jill, moved slowly out into the lake.

"It's a good thing Kitty did have letters to write," commented Lalla, "for there's certainly no room for anyone else."

"I'll bet she'll not write a scratch tonight, and I'll further bet she was wild to come, she loves to ride on the lake at night; but she knew this boat doesn't carry but four. That's why she 'had letters to write,'" explained Jill. "I started to make her come in my place, but I remembered I am the only one who understands





this cranky boat, so I had to come. I'm going to go back after a while and swap one of you for her, see if I don't."

"Who is she?" asked the doctor. "I don't remember having ever heard you speak of her."

"She's a distant relative of mine," replied Jill. "She lives down-country, near the river. I've never known her very well myself, but the better I know her, the better I like her. Mother thinks she's a gem—and I guess she is. Furthermore, she's the kind of girl that don't believe in dancing anything but the old square dance and other old-fashioned things. And she won't talk much, unless you *pull* the words out of her," and Lalla added her description of Kitty.

"All right, Miss Virginia, let's have your idea of her. Then, after you're all through, I'll formulate my opinion," said Phil.

"Oh! she's all right, I guess. But she insists that 'the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world,' and not 'the hand that casts the vote.'"

"So do I," replied Browne, with a laugh.

"She can't listen to reason of any sort, when it comes to woman suffrage," continued Virginia, while Phil was softly whistling the chorus:

"I want a girl, just like the girl that married dear old dad;

A good, old-fashioned girl with heart so true."

At this, Virginia grew indignant, and again a hot discussion seemed inevitable, but Jill and Lalla threatened to go in if they started it.

Back there on the veranda, Kitty, sitting on the steps, played her guitar, and sang all those old songs so dear to everyone. Mrs. Barton, lying on a couch, was supremely happy, as she lived again in scenes recalled by the singing of those old songs: "Old Black Joe," "Kentucky Home," "Swanee River," "Home, Sweet Home," and then, later songs, but like the others, songs that touch the heart, "Carry Me Back to Ole Virginny," "In the Evenin' by the Moonlight," "Just Awearying for You."

"Kitty! Kitty! come here a minute," said Jill, interrupting the song. Kitty answered, and started toward the boat, still softly playing and singing. Coming toward them, in the moonlight, Browne thought she looked like some angel who rarely visits this world, and so she did.

"Come on and ride some. Ginny's going to stay with mother. Come on, quick." Virginia took off her coat for Kitty, and was in the act of taking the guitar back to the house, when Phil noticed what she was doing.

"Please bring your guitar along; I've been wanting some music all evening," he begged. So Kitty took it, and soon, far out, could be heard the soft strains of the instrument, with the girl's clear soprano and Browne's tenor.

Before parting for the night, Lalla reminded them, "Now, don't forget, we're all going to get up soon in the morning and play tennis."

True to their word, Lalla, Virginia and Browne, were up bright and early, and waiting for Jill to come on. Lalla was getting restless and went in to hurry Jill a bit.

"Jill Barton! still in bed!" she exclaimed, "and you promised to get up early and play tennis."

"Aw! get Kitty. Tell her she's got to play this morning," grumbled the sleeping Jill.





Soon Lalla returned. "Kitty's gone out on the lake, so Uncle Jake says, and will not likely return before breakfast, so do hurry."

In a very short time, Jill presented herself, clad in white, ready to 'win or lose against anyone of you,' as she explained. They had been playing quite a while, Lalla and Browne against Jill and Virginia, and were now trying to finish a "deuce" game. Jill and Virginia had a "vantage" and were determined to make it "game." Lal and Browne were just as determined to make it "deuce" again, when Browne missed a ball, a perfectly good ball, and lost the game. It wasn't his fault that he missed it, it was Kitty's fault, for she had no business coming near the court when Browne was trying to play tennis, especially when she had on a smart little khaki hunting-suit, tan boots, a rifle over her shoulder and several quail in her hand.

"Kitty, why didn't you stay and play tennis? You know you promised to play last night," chided Jill.

"I did no such thing, Jill, and besides, I thought we'd all enjoy some nice fresh quail for breakfast. Aren't they fine?" she asked, holding her specimen up to the others.

"Say, how long 'till breakfast; I'm so hungry for some right now, I believe I could eat a whole one myself," declared Browne.

"Well, you'll have a chance, anyway," answered Ktty, as she went on toward the house. "Don't you all want to take a little swim before breakfast?"

"Oh, let's do, come on! Dr. Browne, you can use father's suit: he keeps it up here all the time, because there's no place for swimming where we live down the country," explained Jill.

As they were going to the lake, Browne challenged Kitty to a race, and away they went, side by side. Kitty went straight to the spring-board, made a graceful dive, and came up smiling at the tardy ones. She was an excellent swimmer and diver, and it kept the others working to keep up with her. Virginia would not venture out far, for she was only a beginner in swimming, and Browne noticed that Kitty kept Virginia in her sight most of the time. Jill, Kitty and Browne were racing to the other side of the lake, when Kitty, glancing back, saw Virginia getting farther away from the shore.

"Go back, Virginia," she shouted, "don't come any further." But Virginia either couldn't or wouldn't go back. In a flash, Kitty was swimming toward her with a speed that even Browne was unable to equal. Before Kitty reached Virginia, the unfortunate girl was sinking. The way across the lake had never seemed so far to Kitty as she struggled on. She reached Virginia just in time to seize her by the hair as she was sinking the second time. The drowning girl clutched Kitty's free arm, holding her so that she was powerless to do anything whatever, and pulling her under in spite of her efforts to keep above water. Browne followed close upon her; while Jill pushed her strength to the limit to bring her near the drowning girl. Lalla made for the shore, and having gained it, sank down, an unmoved and almost unconscious heap. Browne freed Kitty from Virginia's grasp, and began to carry the unconscious girl to the shore, while Jill had almost to carry Kitty, so weak and exhausted that she was almost senseless.





Another moment, and Dr. Browne was giving curt directions. He sent Jill to the house with Lal and then told her to go for another doctor. Kitty, summoning every atom of her strength, began obeying Browne's orders to help him restore Virginia. Minutes passed, long, endless minutes, then an hour dragged by, and still they worked. Just as they were almost despairing, when Kitty had watched the expression on Browne's face change to one of hopelessness, Virginia drew a faint, quivering breath.

"She breathed!—work hard, for God's sake. We've got to save her!" said Browne, between short breaths. Another age of minutes, and Virginia began breathing faintly, but she kept it up—gradually the breaths became stronger, deeper, more regular, until Dr. Browne said it would be safe to remove her to the house. Blankets were brought, and carefully, slowly, she was carried up the steep path to the cottage. When she was safely in bed, and still breathing deeply and regularly, Dr. Browne paused long enough in his work to speak to Kitty. "You're a brick! Work like that would have riddled ninety-nine out of a hundred women. It came near getting me, and you're about done up, too!" Kitty blushed at this hearty compliment, mumbled some reply, and felt extremely uncomfortable. When she went out on the veranda, she met Jill, just returning from the village, with another doctor; her face was pale, and she called excitedly to Kitty. "How is she, Kit?"

"She came through, and is breathing deeply now, but she's still unconscious. She certainly had a close shave," replied Kitty.

As Jill passed her, running into the house, she handed her a yellow envelope. "Here's a message for you, been there since yesterday afternoon. Oh! I hope it's nothing bad," and no one could have doubted the sincerity of her words.

Telegrams were rather unusual with Kitty, and her hands trembled a little as she opened it. Her face paled as she read: "Come home, mother ill, hurry—J. G. Jill." Jill saw her pale and her lips tremble as she tried to control herself, and said, "Jill, could you take me to the train, quickly? Mother's sick. She's never been sick before. Oh! I wish I were home! I'll be ready in a minute," she called over her shoulder as she ran to her room to change. In only a second or two, she was ready in a dark traveling suit and hat. While they were speeding on, she gave Jill directions. "If we make that 10:15, you go straight and wire father to meet me. Pack my trunk and send it most any time. I don't specially need it. Be sure and let me know how Ginny is, every day. Is that the train whistle? Let's stop it at the crossing: I've got to get on."

They reached the crossing in plenty of time to flag the train, and Kitty sped toward her home and ill mother.

* * * * *

Two years had passed, during which period, Browne had allowed no opportunity to pass of showing Kitty what he thought of her. One bright morning in June, Jill had run down to the village for the mail. She recognized Kitty's handwriting on one of the letters, and quickly opening, read: "May we come to 'Happy Hollow' on our honeymoon?—Kitty and Doc." She sent this message in reply: "Do, by all means; and Lal and Ginny shall come, too, later on, if you say so, just for 'Auld Lang Syne.' P. S.—Did you know that Ginny's given up being a suffragist and is engaged to Dick?"

LURA KING, '17.





College Calendar

SEPT. 11. Day of arrival.



SEPT. 12. Unpacking. Rooms dressed up. Who's Who in a cute room.



SEPT. 13. Great insult—teachers mistaken for pupils.

SEPT. 14. Big day! Public opening! Speakers, trustees, teachers and students show off.

SEPT. 15. Settled at last. Classes begin. Teachers size up pupils, and vice versa.

SEPT. 16. Y. W. C. A. reception to new girls.

SEPT. 17. Infirmary opened. Homesickness, the malady. Tears by the quart.

SEPT. 18. Gravy for lunch.

SEPT. 19. Meetings begin; have 'em by the dozen.

SEPT. 20. Student government begins. Board elected to keep us straight.

SEPT. 21. More meetings. SORORIAN staff elected.

SEPT. 22. Great event! A. C. launches forth magazine, *The Orion*; staff elected; some girls threatened with popularity.



SEPT. 23. Girls entertained at Anderson Theater.

SEPT. 25. First meeting of the Board. Good ones and bad ones posted. "Tears, idle tears."

OCT. 2. Reception to public. Grand! glorious! great! good!

OCT. 3. Lecture on evening frocks.

OCT. 7. Clemson wiped off the earth by Georgia in football game. *We went!*

OCT. 11. One month at A. C.





- Oct. 12. Holiday. Ringling Brothers' circens.
- Oct. 16. Faculty show off.
- Oct. 23. A. C. honored. "The Ten Club" visit us.
- Oct. 25. Y. W. C. A. Annual Rush Day. Tacky party!
- Oct. 27. Rush for society members.
- Oct. 29. Estherians entertain Laniers at Hallowe'en party. Ghostly time!
- Nov. 1. Picnic at Portman Shoals. Thanks to Anderson folks.
- Nov. 12-19. World-Wide Fellowship Week. Y. W. C. A.
- Nov. 13. Mrs. Davis and Miss Mallory visit us in interest of Y. W. A.
- Nov. 15. Sans Souci Club, first dance.
- Nov. 16. Pupil's time to show off.
- Nov. 20. Basketball Day. All teams play. Hurrah for Seniors; they win the cup!
- Nov. 28. "Boosters" for new dormitory entertained at college.
- Nov. 30. D. A. R. tableaux and song recital.
- DEC. 11. Estherians allow the faculty to see themselves as others see them. Mock-wedding.
- DEC. 12. Hawaiian quintet.
- DEC. 18. Xmas holiday starts. "The Deserted Village."
- JAN. 1. Resolutions made.
- JAN. 2. Resolutions broken.





JAN. 3. Grand re-union!



JAN. 14. Measles! Byrdie and Floride go to the "horse-pistol."

JAN. 16. Horrors! Exams!

JAN. 17. Mr. Edge kicks about burning the midnight oil.

JAN. 20. We breathe! Exams. over!



JAN. 20. C. A. C. Glee Club visit us.

JAN. 22. "Oliver Twist" at Bijou Theater.

JAN. 29. Da Vency quintet.

FEB. 5. Bang epidemic leaves to usual mark!



FEB. 12. Laniers give Estherians masquerade Valentine party. Two boys masked in the crowd—so a good time for all.

FEB. 20. Laniers pull one over on Estherians. Those good-looking pennants.

FEB. 22. Hurrah! Half-holiday. D. A. R.'s present beautiful flag to us. C. A. C. boys come to watch us (?) eat. George Washington party.

FEB. 23. Lura and Wilma go to Student Volunteer Conference at Winthrop.



FEB. 26. Dark impression left on Anderson—Laniers give a real "nigger minstrel." Success? \$108 for treasury.

FEB. 27. Sixteen zero's in Trig class.

FEB. 28. Positions offered by Al. Fields.





FEB. 29. The day that might have been.



MAR. 6. Curls the rage. "You look just like Mary Pickford."



MAR. 12. Great day! A. C. wins basketball game from G. W. C. Student's Recital.

MAR. 13. Southern Public Utility Co. installs huge search-light to light up our flag.

MAR. 16. Annie Anderson and Carolyn McFall wage a war on Mr. Billy Rat.

MAR. 22-23. Music Festival.



APR. 1. What did we do? Rather what didn't we do.

APR. 2. Another Student's Recital.

APR. 6. Home for Easter holidays.

APR. 10. Whew! The new clothes!

APR. 20. Seniors in Expression give recital.

APR. 30. Bessie Pruitt gives graduating recital. Paderewski II.

MAY 4. Janet Bolt gives graduating recital. Some ivory tickler, she!

MAY 7. Miss Lyen's recital.

MAY 14. Didn't have gravy for lunch.

MAY 18-23. Nightmares caused by exams.

MAY 24. Lanier-Estherian public debate. Silver loving cup given by Mr. Edge to winner.

MAY 24. Junior-Senior reception.

MAY 25-28. Commencement exercises.

MAY 29. Tearful farewells!





POET'S CORNER.

R. Edge.

"Ballad of the Honeysuckle"

I dreamed of wondrous palaces
And longed therein to bloom;
I dreamed of stately corridors
And bowers to perfume.

And so I hid behind a mate,
A lily white was she,
And to a palace with her went,
Adventure great for me!

Alas the dream! Alas the day!
A slender hand and fair,
There pulled me from the costly vase,
And thrust me on the air.

I fell upon a flagstone cold,
Beneath that window high,
And thought me there to wilt and fade
E'er anyone came nigh.

But soon I heard a lissoe step,
And warm hands placed me near
A gentle maiden's beating heart,
And then I lost all fear.

She took me to a thatched hut,
And by the door there planted.
No happier life could I have sought,
Nor e'er to me been granted.

I now embrace the old hut's roof,
A bower I have made,
And oft from there I look adown
Upon our wild, sweet glade.

I sometimes see trim terraces,
Bright flower-gardens laid,
But not for all their state and pride
Would I exchange my sister-maid.

M. R. '17.

Longings

High up in the pines,
Three little doves
Lie, sheltered by mother's breast and love;
Rocked by the breezes, in the tree's boughs,
Crooned to sleep while the wind howls,
Or whispers its message of love.

High up in the pines,
Like the three little doves,
Would that I could lie;
While the breezes make love
To the stars or the low hanging moon—
Or sing to the soft white clouds above.

L. K., '17.





Pourquoi?

Little top twig,
Why do you stay,
And flutter and flutter the live-long day?
Your brothers fell gladly,
But you hang so sadly
As if longing to see a sunny spring day.
Little brown twig,
Why do you cling,
And whisper, and whisper rather than
swing?
The life-blood has left you,
The cold winds have cleft you,
Yet you remain. Does the tree-song still
in you ring?
Little last twig,
Why do you wait?
The snow-clouds gather—your sleep will be late—
A lesson you teach me,
A truth here you bring me—
Work early and long; and a lifetime is full
and great.

M. R., '17.

Dreams and Sunbeams

I wandered into unknown realms
Beyond the haunts of men,
And there I found a world so fair,
A world of cosmic harmony where
Each soul that dwelt therein
No sorrow knew nor toil, nor sin
But joy eternal without end.
A radiant spirit led me on
Through Elysian fields of beauty rare,
“O soul!” I cried, “let me stay here,
Lead me not back to that world of care!”
“O soul, let me stay in this world of
beauty!”
But the spirit only whispered, “Duty.”
And as I passed I gathered a flower
Of rich golden hue ‘neath an aerial blue,
Which as I went still brighter grew,
Till my eyes grew dim and softly closed,
Closed on that world of enchanting dreams,
To open where the morning sun beams
On a world of pain and sorrow and rue,
But a world where faith linked to hope
still gleams,
Because of those who to duty are true.

M. B., '17.

O, Tall Leafless Trees

O, tall leafless trees, standing bare in the face of Heaven,
Your branches opposing the wild angry winds,
Come with your dignity, majesty, poise,
And to me impart whence the force you exhibit;
For I am weak, tempest-toss'd,
And would know whence the strength that endures.
Without pity life's storms have lashed me,
Have crushed my spirit, alas!
And left me lifeless and broken.

O high, rugged rocks, jutting far out into the sea,
Your craggy sides washed by its wild, dashing waves,
Come with your strength, endurance and power,
And give me the secret and charm of your force;
For I am now weak and a-weary.
O, give me the strength that endures;
The billows of life have swept o'er me,
Have shattered my spirit, alas!
And have left me lifeless and broken.

M. N., '18.





Sun Rise

When the sun in golden splendor
Rises o'er the distant hills,
Come those thoughts both sweet and tender
And my soul with rapture thrills
With delight
At the sight
 Of the vale in all its beauty,
 And its quick response to duty,
Welcomes light.

When the dew that's on the clover
 Sparkles like a new-cut gem,
And each flower bending over
 Sips the drops through slender stems.
In dismay
We survey
 All the glories of creation,
 Duty calls each to his station—
We obey.

Sunset

When the day is done, and the shadows fall
O'er the earth as it sinks to rest,
And the Robin titters a fond good-night
To his mate in the wee brown nest,
Then a subtle change steals over us all
Attuning our souls to the best;
We've forgotten the day and the cares that it brought,
Its sorrow—its joy—or its jest—
And the spirit of twilight creeps into our hearts,
And we, with the earth, are at rest.

R. B., '18

The Violet

Oh, modest little violet,
You are spring-time's treasured pet;
A simple token of God's blessing,
His emblem, purity, confessing,
I see in your little eye,
Reflections of the deep, blue sky.
If you blossom to be plucked,
And neatly in some maid's hair tucked,
The gentleness of your face
Would add beauty to her grace;
But if you are left alone to die
Crushed by some near passerby,
From death too soon you would not shrink,
As you blossom by the brink.

GRACE TODD.





Night

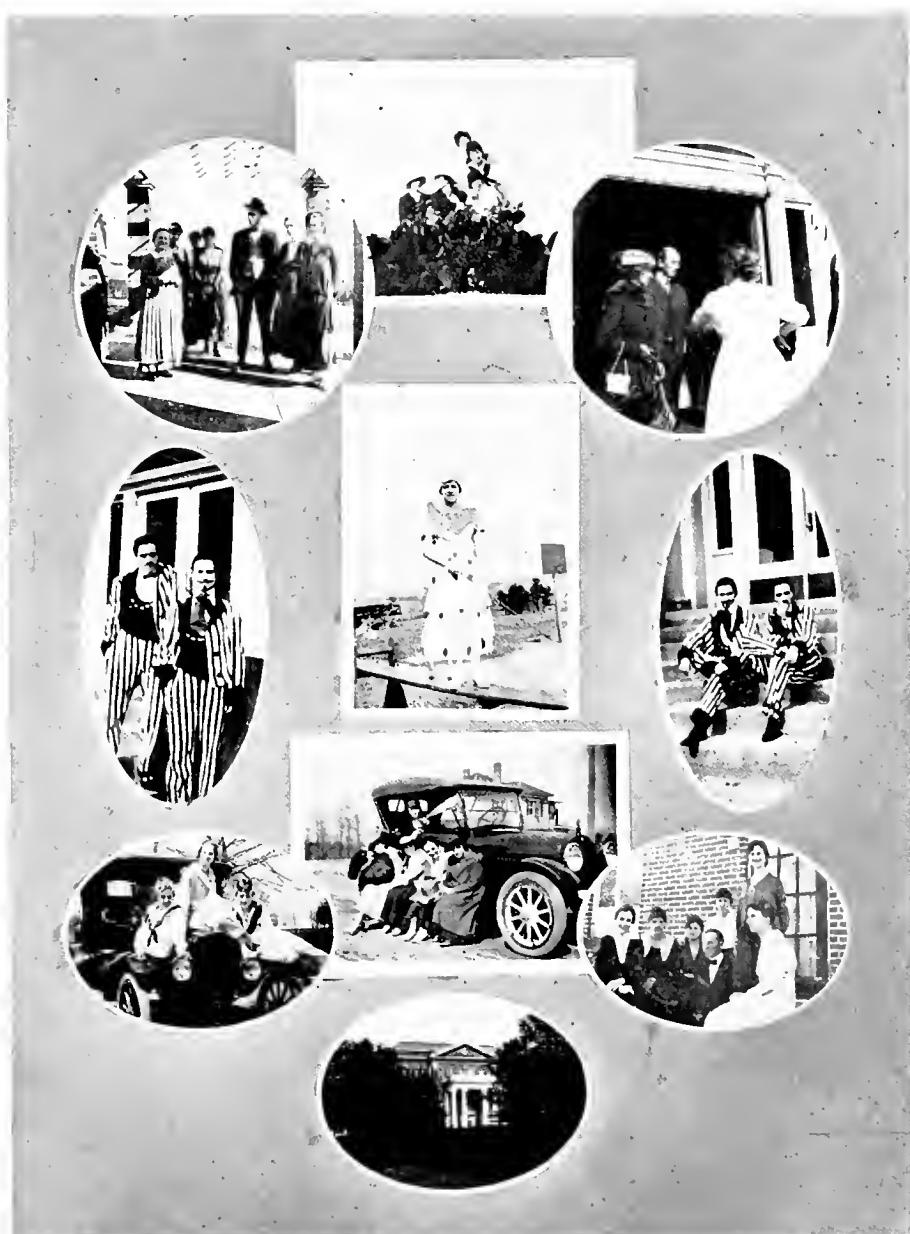
I listen to the wind's
wild raving,
And watch the trees'
dark outline:
As they sway and sigh
against the blue-black sky,
To the stars that
ever shine.

I watch the moon rise
slowly
From the mist, o'er a
distant pine,
Casting such weird shadows
'round me,
I glance back from time
to time.

'Tis strange how it all
affects me,
The wind, the moon
and the night,
I hate to go in—and
leave the stars—alone
To this beautiful
marvelous sight.

JULIA LEDBETTER







Indian Summer

There comes a feeling in the air
'Long in November;
Don't know just how it gets there;
Just know it's Indian Summer.

Sky is not exactly fair
'Long in November;
Still there's no cloud hanging there;
Just the sky of Indian Summer.

L. K., '17.

Winter

The snow, a sheet of ermine wide,
Has covered all the country side;
And leafless trees stand by and view
The Landscape decked in garments new.

For winter has come with its ice and snow,
Winter is here with its fire and fur,
Winter has come after Autumn and Fall,
Winter is here—God's blessing on all!

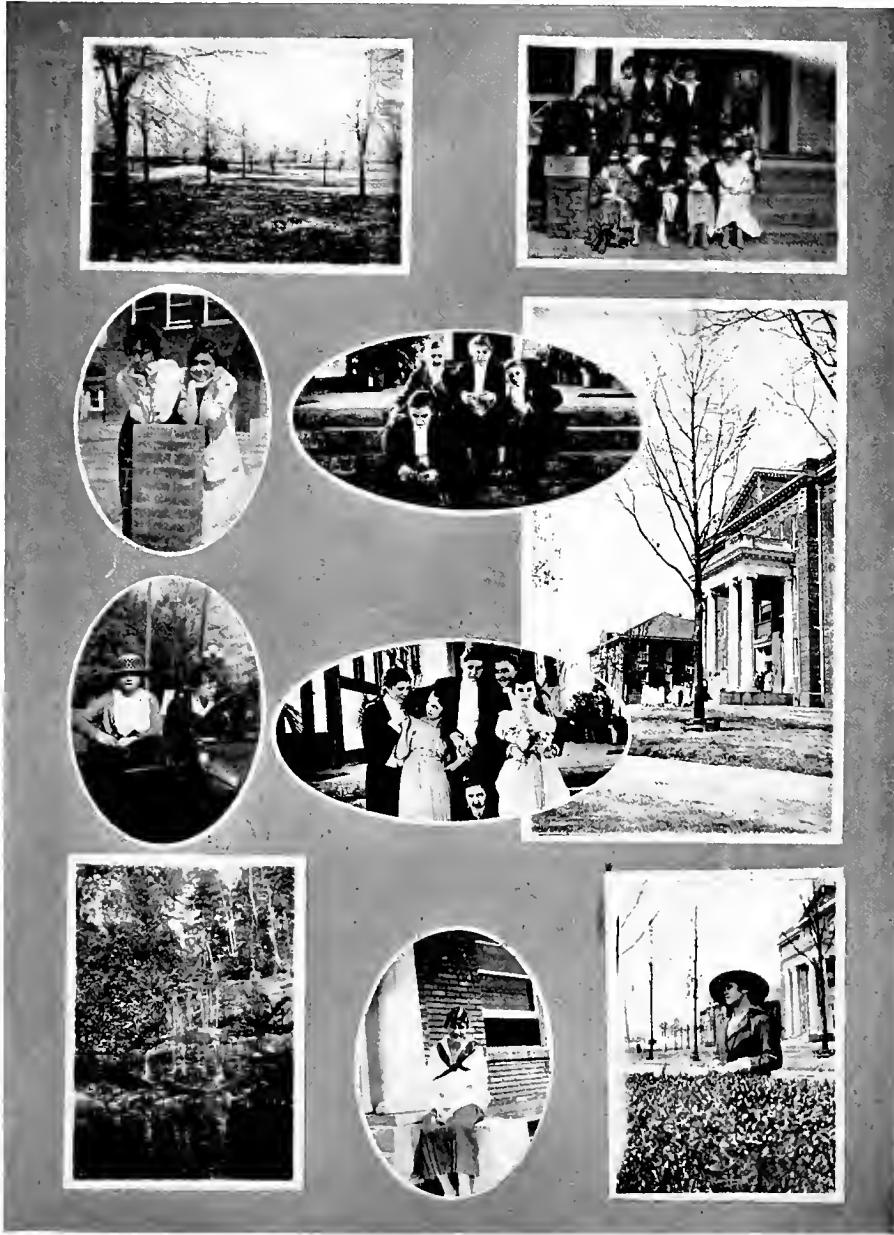
M. N., '18.

A Spring Rhapsody

Spring! Spring!
You glorious queen!
Brightening the grasses,
Luring the lasses.
Spring! Spring!
Bring all your treasures,
Consisting of pleasures.
You are the right time,
Glorious bright time!
Springtime is sing time,
Love time and ring time.
Spring! Spring!
How we adore you,
You lovely Aurora!
Come feast us with roses,
With violets and posies.
Why linger along,
When we beg you with song?
Come stay with us always,
And make the world joyous,
Come meet us, greet us—
Spring! Spring!

N. W., '19.







Jest and Jollity

DR. DUNSFORD: "Some folks may have come from monkeys; but I'm sure I didn't and no one need try to tell me so."

BRIGHT GIRL (aside): "Well, you certainly deceive your looks."

CLARA: "Lois certainly knows how to cast sheep's eyes at a man. That is her way of pulling the wool over his eyes."

BAZEL P. (after basketball game): "Gee, but my nose is sore. I wonder what's the matter with it?"

ANNIE BELL S.: "Maybe you've been 'rooting' too hard."

MRS. SCEARCE (in Junior English): "Mary Dale, do you know anything about the Golden Fleece?"

MARY DALE M.: "Yessum. Jason got it!"

MARY R.: "The joke column in the Orion will be smaller this month. Nobody seems to be doing anything funny, and nobody seems to know anything funny."

MISS JORDAN: "Yes—isn't it funny?"

SARAH S.: "Miss Mason, what picture is it that you're hanging?"

MISS MASON: "This is a picture of Jennie Lind."

SARAH: "Pshaw, of course I might have known it was a Biblical picture."

SOMEONE (at the basketball game): "Why doesn't Anderson yell?"

GLADYS D.: "Child, these middies are 'yell'ow enough."







MISS HENRY (to Emily Dean): "Emily, we have music divided into bars and measures; can you remember that?" (A few minutes later): "Now can you tell me how music is divided?"

EMILY: "Into bars and—jails!"

ANNIE B.: "What was the score?"

EMILY: "42-30."

ANNIE: "I thought there was a one in it."

EMILY: "Yep, there was—Anderson 'won'."

EDNA: "Flossy, what are you doing there so long?"

FLOSSY (before mirror): "I'm just pausing for reflection."

Robert son, the Miller, on his way to White Hall, to pay the King what he was Owring(s) him, had an accident, but as Truluck would have it, he met Williamson, the Cook, and said to him, "Great Scott can you lend me a Pin son to fix my Geer(s)?"

He answered, "Let me do the Work-man. I can Brad(dy) it, or better still, put a Bolt in it."

About that time the Axman, with a long Beard came along, who said: "I would Bowie (buoy) you up, but I hear the Camp bell ringing and must go. Will is coming after some Moore Simmons, and Mac phail (fail) not to ask his help."

Rodger(s) was a good Walker, so he decided to continue his journey. It was Summer all over the land.

He said, "Lew is coming past Mr. Hill(s) house Welborne along by the wind Prue, it is getting late and Mye(a)rs are Aiken from the heat. I am going home, eat some Rice, and go to see Nelson."

"I wonder why May keeps her lips pursed up in that way?"

MATTIE: "Oh, she believes in preparedness."

WILMA: "Mary, whom do we have for English tomorrow?"

MARY (absently): "Kelley and Sheats, I think."

EMILY: "What are the two smallest things mentioned in the Bible?"

OREITA: "The widow's 'mite,' and the wicked 'flee.'"

EMILY: "Correct."

MISS SULLIVAN (puzzled): "I can't remember where a flea is mentioned in the Bible."

LOUISE BEARD: "Somebody please tell me what State is Washington, D. C., in?"

NANCY E.: "In the State of Washington, isn't it?"





MISS COPY (in Soph. History): "Lloyd, who preceded Lord Northumberland?"

LLOYD B.: "I think it was Lord Somersault."

BRUCIE O. (at the Model Home): "Sarah, how can you tell when milk is scalded?"

SARAH S.: "Brucie! don't you know? You have to use a microscope."

MISS MASON (on George Washington's birthday): "The flag should have been 'dipped' today before it was hoisted."

MR. MILLER: "Dipped in what?"

MARIE B.: "You know those people never go out. They always stay at home. They're regular 'reclusers.'"

MYRA A. (after Gym. Class): "Miss Hill, did you mark those late that came in absent?"

SALLIE: "Rose, is Mr. Edge coming back next year?"

ROSE: "He ain't going anywhere to come back."

ANNIE BELL: "Did you know that the Seniors were thinking of attending the inauguration March 4th?"

MISS STRIPPLING: "Where is it to be?"

LUCY: "Did you know that Dr. White stole from his wife?"

SARAH: "Yep—he hooked her dress."

EXAMS.

Exams. are the most effective forms of slow torture that the combined faculties of all ages have been able to invent. They are prepared and kept in store until a dark, rainy week comes, then they are inflicted upon the helpless students.

They last for four or five days, being applied in doses of three hours, twice on each of these days. The torture is barbarous. Many of the long-suffering pupils cannot endure the prolonged agony, and are given "D's" as a mark of shame.

"D's" are applied in a round-about way, being secretly forwarded to our fond parents, who urge us to allow the faculty to dispose of its "D's" without our valuable assistance.

There is one remedy for the dreadful "D" disease. Go to your room, lock yourself in; then, deliver an oration against Exams. Do it. It cannot hurt anyone, and it will do you lots of good.

A. B.





<p>7:00 In bed</p>	<p>7:29 getting up</p>
<p>8:30 Mrs Gibson starts the day.</p>	<p>9:30 Mr Miller comes to Ethics (?)</p>
<p>10:30 Messes Henry and Goode talk of their work</p>	<p>11:30 Classes Begin</p>
<p>1:00 Dr White Mr Edge come to chapel.</p>	<p>1:00 lunch</p>
<p>2:00 In the gym</p>	<p>3:00 Little store</p>
<p>4:00 I go to bed here but -</p>	<p>This is what happens P.E. ONE DAY</p>





Bangs

By bangs, we mean an undue extension of capillary substance upon the forehead; a dread disease caused by intense excitement. At present, the college is overflowing with girls smitten with this plague. The only thing to which we are able to attribute it, is the fact that our magic non-exhaustible gravy-barrel suddenly stopped working last week, and we were forced to eat two meals at Anderson College without our mainstay, and great pep-producer, gravy.

Almost maddened on account of the lack of our nutritious and luscious beverage, and nearly crazed by the unexplainable calamity which had befallen our gravy well, the fair and excited students of Anderson College began "whacking" off their beautiful locks.

Among the first to fall before the dread disease, were Ruth and Ann. No one suspected that they had been stricken until the crisis came and left them with its dread mark, "Bangs." Poor Em had an awful case; she not only tried the scissors on her own hair, but in her delirium, cut bangs for others, who were wavering between death and life with bangs: Edna, Edith, Deak, May, Mary Dale and Gladys.

The plague was kept in east dormitory for some time. We thought that west dormitory was going to escape entirely. Great was our disappointment, when we learned that Marion had bangs. Soon, Nelle, Meyda, Edna, Virginia, Lucile and Marie, contracted the plague.

Anderson is now convalescent—bangs are rapidly disappearing under the soothing influence of gravy, applied three times a day. A. B.

A Psalm of College Life

(Apologies to Longfellow.)

Exams are real! Exams are earnest!
And the stars are not their goal,
C's thou wert, to C's returnest,
Is the lesson that they hold.

Trust no mark howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead past bury its dead,
Cram—Cram in the living present,
Naught within, and all ahead.

Marks of A.B. and Ph.D., all remind us
We can make our marks with chalk,
And departing leave behind us,
Footprints on the narrow walk.

Footprints that perhaps a Sophomore,
Sailing o'er Anderson's main,
A truly disgusted sister
Seeing, shall lose heart again.

Freshies, all be up and doing,
With a smile for any fate;
Still a-working, still "a-cramming,"
But for stars you'll learn to wait. N. McA.





Famous Quotations as Expounded by the Sophomores

"A rolling stone catches the worm."
"A bird in the hand gathers no moss."
"He who hesitates ends well."
"All's well that glitters."
"An early bird is worth two in the bush."
"A stitch in time is the soul of wit."
"Labor killed a cat."
"Pretty is as pride does."
"Curiosity saves time."
"Three is a company—two is a crowd."
"Think twice before you leap."
"Look before you speak."

To My Sweetheart

(With apologies.)

My sweetheart, 'tis to thee
I chant this melody,
For you are mine.
I love thy gray-blue eyes,
For they don't tell no lies,
Yet they voice your replies
In looks sublime.

I still remember yet
The letter I first did get
From your own pen;
I read it o'er and o'er,
'Til I could see no more
The misspelled words galore,
That you wrote them.

You said that you'd be true,
If I would stay with you
'Till time should end.
I found you false to me,
For you have sweethearts three,
And you won't marry me,
So then Amen!

I'm sorry to see you go,
And may you never know
How I've loved thee;
I'll find another beau,
To the preacher we will go,
And while we're here below
Yet happy be.

MYRA ANDERSON.





Examination Gems

Epidermis is what keeps your skin on.

The torrid zone is caused by the friction of the equator, which runs 'round the earth in the middle.

Longitude and latitude are imaginary lines on the earth which show you which way you are going.

The days are shorter in winter because cold contracts.

A Mr. Newton invented gravity with the aid of an apple.

There was no such man as Hamlet. He lived in Denmark.

A curve is a straight line that has been bent.

The climate is caused by hot and cold weather.

The pagans were a contented race until the Christians came among them.

A boy who is amphibious can use all of his hands.

Gold was discovered in California before anyone knew it was there.

Mars is the name of a star so far off it would take a million years to walk there in an express train.

A miracle is anything that some one does that can't be done.—

MR. MILLER (in Ethics): "It would be a very optimistic view if we should believe that pleasures do not end with this life—that we could enjoy thinking of psychological principles and ethical questions all the hereafter."

MARIE (aside): "Me for the burning pit!"

When I mount the stairs in the morning,

My heart is light and gay:

And as my feet go up the stairs

way,

this

just

goes

heart

My

But when I'm plied with questions,

And the right answer I can't say,

My heart sinks deep within me,

And

leaves

me

just

this

way.

If all the cows eaten by the buxom lassies of Anderson College were made into one cow, that one cow could stand at the equator and with one switch of that one cow's tail, sweep icicles off the north pole. If all the pigs consumed by the pig-eaters of Anderson College were made into one pig, that one pig could channel out a Panama Canal with three roots, and if all the goats devoured by the "buttin-skys" of Anderson College were made into one goat, that one goat could knock down the Statue of Liberty with two butts. Amen.





Can You Twist Your Mental Mass Into Such a Shape as to Conceive of

Dr. White being present at a college concert?
Mr. Miller missing a class?
Mrs. Gibson sitting down?
Miss Cody making an after-dinner speech?
Miss Jordan leaving her door unlocked?
Mary Riley missing a lesson?
Gladys White without sarcasm?
Caro Geer not singing?
Wilma Ervin being idle?
Blanche Dalrymple making a noise?
Miss Louise Henry not giggling?
Janet Bolt not chaperoning?
Emily Sullivan being dignified?
Ruth Brownlee not talking baby-talk?
An A. C. meal without gravy?
Miss Anderson having a "crush"?
Sibyl Martin talking fast?
Edna Summerall not being sick?
Mr. Von Hasseln not being polite?
Nora McAlister without a sore foot?
Bernice Turner not using expression?
Miss Hightower not wearing her neckband?
Dr. Strick without a cigar?
Miss Goode not reporting?
Dr. Dunford getting mad?
Rosada Talbert without her powder puff?
Byrdie McClelland raising a fuss?
Annie Belt Strickland breaking a rule?

DR. REEVES: "What did Moses do with the golden calf?"

PUPIL: "Ground it up and—"

FRESHIE: "Made beef sausage!"

MR. EDGE (springing into his little "John Henry"): "Won't you ride with me, Dr. Dunford?"

DR. DUNFORD: "No, I'm in a big hurry. I'll just walk, thanks."

MEYDA: "Whose picture is this on your dresser, Flossie? Gee, but he's good-looking."

EDNA: "He's one of Annie's 'actress' friends."

SALLIE: "Did you hear about the fight downtown last night?"

JANET: "No, what about it?"

SALLIE: "A cat licked his paw."





GLADYS: "If May fell out of this high window what day of the year would it be?"

MR. GIBSON: "The last of May."

RUTH B.: "Mrs. Seearce, I know as much about this lesson as I know about the man in the moon."

MRS. SEEARCE: "How about the man out of the moon?"

Julia likes the gum named Wrigley,
Also the Yankee boy named Qnigley.

MR. EDGE: "Do you know that all the girls in the Education Class were so interested in my lecture today that they stayed right on through lunch hour?"

MR. MILLER: "Why didn't you wake them up?"

MISS JORDAN (in Soph. English class): "Miss Keith, why did the people write such a vivid description of the new country during the age of Elizabeth?"

GLADYS KEITH: "'Cause they had such splendid imaginations."

MISS HIGHROWEN: "Nora, what was the purpose of the gymnasium schools in Germany?"

NORA MC.: "They were schools which trained the mind along—er—physical lines."

College Cathechism

What is our favorite dinner dish? Rice.
What is our favorite candy? Norris.
What author have we? Scott.
What do we all like to do? Camp.
What has Mr. Wallace? Beard.
What should we know how to do? Cook.
What is lack of color? White.
What animal do we fear? Lyen.
What is our favorite town? Anderson.
What should we all be? Goode.
What is the part of an automobile? Geer.
What do we all like to be? Welborne.
What are all of the teachers? Strick.
What is a boy's name? Henry.
What is our favorite bird? Martin.
What does the College need? Poole.
What is a delicatessen? Marguerite.
What is our favorite month? May.
What is our favorite song? Annie Laurie.
Who are our favorite Biblical characters? Ruth and Esther.
What is our favorite poem? Lucile.
What do we always say about dessert? Moore.
What Monarch have we? King.





A Farewell

At last our school year is gone,
And we prepare to leave;
But our spirits are sad and forlorn,
And our hearts are torn by grief.

Never before have we known,
Oh, Alma Mater dear,
Of the flowers of love that have blossomed and grown
So thick and so beautiful here.

During all the year that is past,
We, our mutual joys have shared,
And when sorrows fell thick and fast,
Our comrade it was who cared.

Even when conflicts between us rose,
And unruly tempers made us mad,
'Twas thy sweet influence which ever flows,
That made us forgive, be happy and glad.

Round us at this closing hour,
The heartstrings of faculty are wound,
As we leave our love-lighted bower,
And the friends whom we have found.

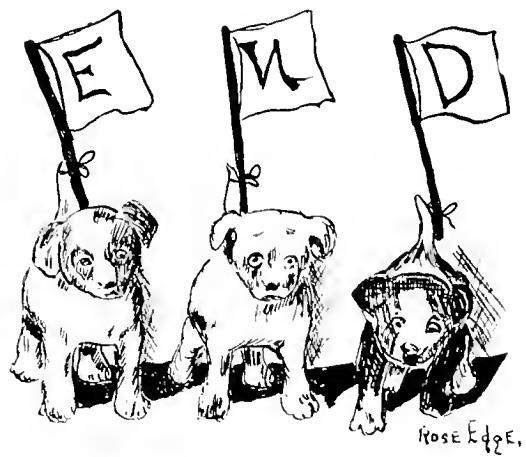
Some we've thought strict, tho' always kind,
They've worked earnestly for our best;
And if we've found fault, love is blind;
We saw not the ones who sheltered our nest.

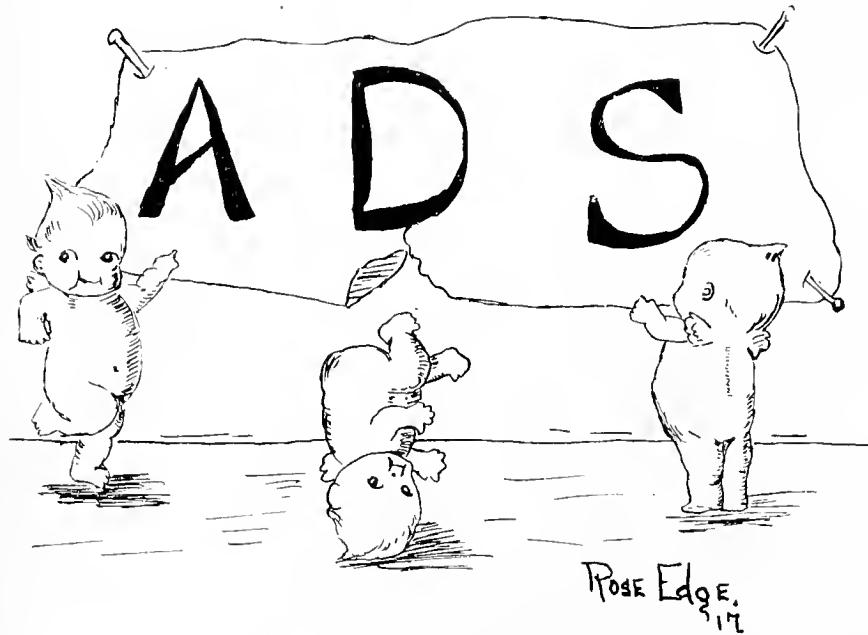
Our President we leave indeed with pain,
Tho' little with him have we been;
Yet the truths he taught we would fain,
Into our soul and being, blend.

Now that we stand upon the verge
Awaiting our step of life to take,
Be all that's noble and true, we urge,
For our Alma Mater's sake.

MARY DALE MILLER, '18.







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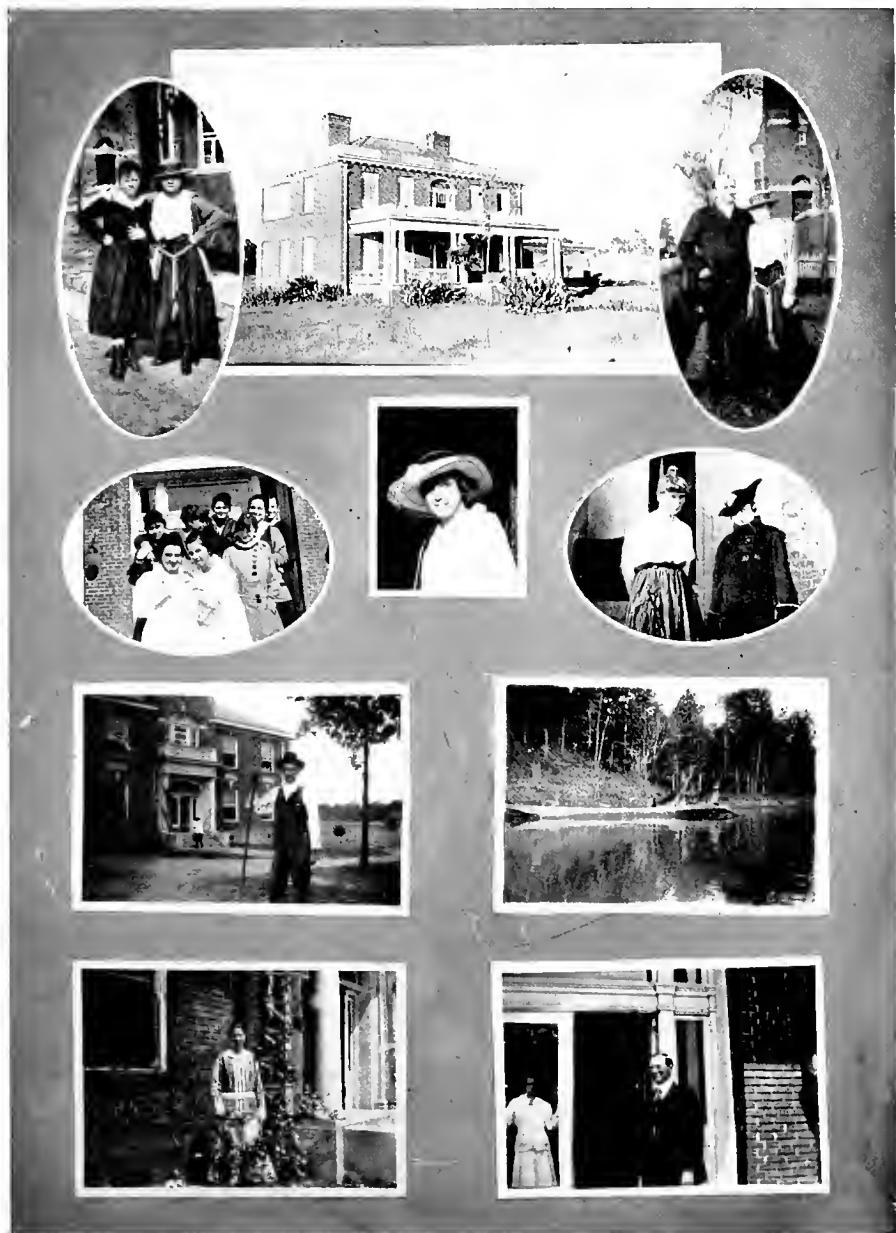
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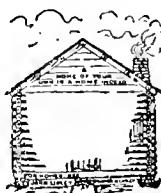
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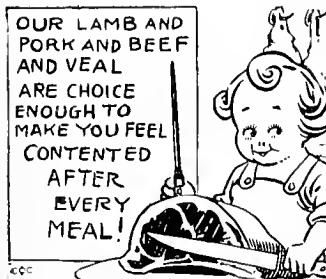
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